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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Dec. 3d, 1849.

The repose of two nights and the quiet of an English Sunday have permitted me to recover from the shock, and stunning force with which this mighty capital strikes the mind and the senses of the stranger. Three times I have entered its wondrous whirl, and three times a fresh bewilderment has overtaken me. I have heard it said by Americans, that entering London was very much like entering New York, and I can conceive that if one comes from the station asleep in a cab—it may be so. But under no other circumstances. There is something, not merely in the immense distances you traverse, but in the grim solidity of the houses—the continuous flow of the people—the ceaseless thunderous rumbling of carriages, carts and vans, and the dense canopy of smoke, which at once announces to my mind, at least, the presence of multitudes of human beings and human interests such as I never elsewhere saw or felt to be gathered together. And I know no better expression for the sentiment with which I have always entered and abided in London than Mr. Webster's, who when he was asked what he thought of the city, answered, "I have not yet done wondering." Especially does this stupefaction overcome one now when the world-city is wrapped in its wintery mystery of fog. For all that has been said and sung of London fog conveys a feeble idea of the reality. We, born under the glowing American sky, under sunlight more golden and blue heavens more blue than smile on any other land save Greece, can with difficulty believe that a place exists where for day after day the sun shines not at all or only as through smoked glass, while a murky mist floats at morning and evening up and down the streets, blackening all that it touches, and turning Parian marble to the hue of Newcastle Coal. When in the summer I saw St. Paul's for the first time, I could not account for the unspeakably begrimed and sooty condition of columns and porticoes and windows and carved work—and it seemed to me to argue a most heathen negligence in the authorities that these abominations were not cleaned away from their beautiful cathedral. But a day in December explains it all and satisfies one that the Grecian architecture so misplaced in most modern cities is above all absurdly incongruous with the London sky. Under the flashing brilliancy of Grecian light the rounded beauty of the column (which is as much the characteristic of Grecian architecture as the arch, of Rome) receives full justice from the atmosphere—but the effect of the London fog is to blacken the front of the column so much more deeply than the back that the lights and shades are completely reversed and from a creation rivalling in graceful beauty the forest monarchs who gave its model, becomes to resemble a misshapen monstrosity. But architecture is a dangerous subject to touch upon—for an American runs great risk of madness on this topic when he finds himself among the wonders of the world—and I must therefore forbear to indulge myself in a disquisition which threatens to be tedious. I said that an English Sunday had combined with nights of repose to deliver my faculties from the bewilderment into which my arrival at London plunged them. For the discourses of that Sunday were of such a character as to carry my thoughts back to New England—and but for the liturgy at Essex Street I might have fancied myself in a Boston church. Mr. Madge, a most kind hearted, and excellent man, very much resembles in his style of composition and delivery, the older school of American Unitarian preachers, and his sermon transported me into a familiar atmosphere of thought and feeling. The audience at his Chapel was remarkably intelligent in appearance, and most commendably attentive. He, in common with most of the London clergy, both of the Established Church and their Dissenting bodies, has abolished the custom of afternoon services, a system only justifiable, as it seems to me, in the country, whereas great distance is to be traversed—but most inconvenient and undesirable in a city. Were the puritan custom of cold dinners rigidly maintained, the services of the afternoon might go on prosperously—but nature demanding physical and intellectual repose after a hearty meal, throws an atmosphere of drowsiness over an after-dinner congregation, which, far from disposing the mind to holy thoughts, laps it in an Elysian indolence and balmy sleep. Therefore, I think, the English citizens have done well to abandon a hopeless struggle against the force of things and to institute evening services. And, whoever visits a London Church at night, and compares the attentive respect and wide-awakedness of the audience with the slumberous air of a New England afternoon congregation, will come, I am persuaded, to the same conclusion. On Sunday evening, I heard the Rev. Mr. Scott, a young Caledonian preacher, who is now exciting much interest among the cultivated and thinking people of London. Mr. Scott preaches in the Hall in which Mr. Emerson lectured, and in great part, to the same audience, occupying a position in religious thought very near that of Dr. Bunnell. Mr. Scott exhibits as decided a predominance of the devotional, as Dr. B. of the intellectual nature, and consequently manifests less boldness of expression, and less vigor of argument—but a far deeper reverence and a more affectionate piety. His sermon was a discourse on the child-likeness of the relation of man to God, and on the unfolding of the religious element, at an earlier period of life, than that of the intellectual development. It was all sung in Wordsworth's sublime ode. But Mr. Scott expressed his sense of the truth, with an energy and earnestness of personal experience and conviction, which gave his words a most refreshing originality. Hesitating in his delivery, far from graceful, and of an almost timid bearing, he is yet one of the most interesting preachers I have ever heard, and the fervor of his manner, the constrained intensity of his utterance, literally seemed to fascinate his hearers. Though small, the audience was of a very striking character. Many persons of no little celebrity were there, and every face wore an expression of interest and sympathy with the speaker, such as I have seldom witnessed. Mr. Scott, I may mention, fills the chair of Moral Philosophy in the Ladies' College of London, an institution much carped at, as "a new and strange thing"—but really most excellent in design, and conducted with great ability. The respectability of its supporters has secured it a present stand,—and I cannot doubt that its manifest good results will ere long conquer the unfounded prejudices which yet stand in its way, and raise up around it a host of similar foundations.

[For the Register.]

MESSRS. EDITORS,—In your paper of February 9th, you give the inquiry of a correspondent, with regard to the nature of the "empire and the glory which were present to the mind of Christ, and which He rejected, as we are informed in Matthew iv: 10, and Luke iv: 8." As, notwithstanding your suggestion to your correspondent, to furnish the answer to his own interesting question, no further communication has yet appeared, I communicate a few thoughts, to be used only in case the inquiry should not be satisfactorily answered by its author or by some one else.

The common conception regarding the subject in question, is that the tempter,—whatever we are to understand by that word,—offered to Jesus the proposal to abandon at once the purpose for which he came into the world, lay aside the character of Redeemer of mankind, and pursue an exclusively selfish object, the attainment of an earthly empire. This too, it is taken for granted, must have been done consciously; no self-delusion, no concealment of an evil passion under plausible names is supposed. I agree with your correspondent in the opinion that to the pure mind of Jesus, such a proposal could not have attained to the force of a temptation. Yet it appears that our Saviour regarded the thought of earthly empire as a temptation, and one which it was necessary instantly to repel from his mind. When "Peter took him and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee," with what vehemence did the Saviour recoil from the suggestion! His words on that occasion are similar to those he is said to have used when tempted in the wilderness, "Get thee behind, me, Satan;" (Matthew xvi. 23,) and the temptation was substantially the same. What was it then? Surely not the suggestion of a course so obviously criminal, that the virtue even of one among his humblest followers would have been sufficient to turn from it.

Perhaps the following thoughts may remove the difficulty. It is not, I conceive, certain or even probable, that our Lord had the whole course of his ministry distinctly marked out for him from the first. Were that the case, he would have been allowed less of free agency than is accorded to us. He had the guidance of the ancient prophecies, of his own holy mind, and of that divine spirit which was communicated to him without measure. Whatever miraculous aid he besought of the Father, was certain to be granted. See John xi. 42; Matthew xxvi. 53. But with these high endowments, it was for himself to determine how he should commence and carry forward his great work. He retired to the desert probably to meditate on this very subject, and while there, suggestions came to him, of which the one before us was the last. It was, that he should commence his great work of instructing and blessing mankind, by announcing his Messiahship, claiming the throne of his father David, and subjecting to its sway the other nations of the earth. Possessed as he was of supernatural power, triumph would have been certain, and probably bloodless. The expectations of the people, and the literal sense of the prophecies, favored the suggestion. He would not, in yielding to it, have relinquished the office of teaching mankind. On the contrary, he would have taught in some respects—so hope might promise—with the more effect, when seated on the throne of the world. As an alternative to this path of glory, appeared the almost hopeless course of the humble teacher, collecting around him a few peasants, and attempting through their means to reform mankind. The temptation may appear in the stronger light, when we call to mind, that, rejected as it had been by Jesus, it was seized by Mahomet, and became to him, though with nothing but the *fancy* of supernatural assistance, the means of founding an empire at one time more extensive than Christendom. To sum up what I have said in few words, the idea of dominion presented itself to the mind of Jesus, not as a desertion of duty, but in the more plausible guise of a means to the performance of his duty. It was only when the pure conscience of the Saviour tore off its mask, that it appeared in its true aspect, as a desertion of the service of God for the service of the demon Ambition.

Whether, if our Lord had chosen the less noble path, the supernatural aid which was granted to him would have been withheld, is a question, scarcely needful to discuss. He to whom all secrets are known, foresaw when he gave to Jesus his great commission, the faithfulness with which its duties would be performed. S. G. B.

AFRICAN RACES.

We have spoken with high praise of the series of biographical, (or more properly,) historical books, now in the course of publication by Jacob Abbot. We have thus earned a right to expose mistakes or unwarranted assertions, if we find them. In the Life of Alfred the Great, the author, speaking of the Caucasian race, says; "As Egyptians they built the pyramids, and reared enormous monoliths, which remain as perfect now as they were when first completed thirty centuries ago. As Phœnicians, they constructed ships, perfected navigation, and explored, without compass or chart, every known sea." These propositions are at least questionable. Heeren, whose authority is second to none, regards Ethiopia as the source of Egyptian art and civilization, and, in Cuvier's threefold division of the human race into the Caucasian, Mongolian and Ethiopian varieties, he would place the builders of the pyramids under the last. Not that they probably bore the grosser features of the African as embruted by ages of debasement and servitude; but the painted bas-reliefs which transmit their likenesses, represent them as swarthy in complexion, with crisp hair, and with a thickness of the upper lip, that allies their really noble physiognomy with the degenerate African type with which we are most conversant. There are still existing tribes, which Heeren supposes to be descendants of the once so highly civilized races, that occupied the banks of the Nile from its source to its mouth. The predominant features of Egyptian art tend to confirm our opinion as to the ancient inhabitants of Egypt. Their structures were massive and gigantic, but irregular and often unsightly, whereas symmetry and beauty have in general been the distinguishing characteristics of architecture among the confessedly Caucasian races.

As for the Phœnicians, with the limited range of authorities at our command, we can find no reason for doubting the ordinarily received opinion that they were the descendants of Sidon, the eldest son of Canaan, the son of Ham, and thus a branch of the Canaanitish stock, that preceded the Hebrews in Palestine, and, if so, they belong to the Ethiopian division of the human family. Their language was indeed closely allied to the Hebrew, but this would not of itself prove them a Semitic race, though it might go far towards rendering it probable that both the Hebrew and the Phœnician were nearly allied to the primeval language.

We have adverted to this passage in Mr. Abbot's book, not for the sake of fault-finding, but because it has an important bearing on one of the great practical questions of our times,—Can the African race of the present day be civilized and enlightened? If the Caucasian arrogates to his own race all that humanity has ever been or done in the higher departments of life, he can hardly fail to answer this question in the negative. But if the Africans of our day had a noble ancestry, they may have a posterity equally noble. If the Egyptians and Phœnicians belonged to their section of the great family, there is ample reason to hope, that under propitious influences, they may yet become capable of high attainments in civilization, art and science. Homer speaks of the Ethiopians as "the most just of men; the favorites of the gods;" and Herodotus commemorates "their strength, beauty and longevity." If, in addition to these traits, they or their kindred races gave laws, letters and culture to Greece, their children are assuredly capable of receiving back the heritage, that has been alienated from them for so many centuries. At any rate, if there is a reasonable probability that the Pharoahs and the Ptolemies, Cadmus and Hannibal, were full blooded Africans, the Africans of our own day and their philanthrophic helpers have a right to whatever encouragement this probability may give them; while the Caucasian races still have more undisputed ground for self-gratification than they can occupy modestly or edifyingly.

DISCOURSE,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE REV. SAMUEL MILLER, D. D., BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

Dr. Miller lived a long life, and throughout the whole of it, was distinguished for his learning, his virtues, and his active usefulness. In his death, the country has to mourn the loss of one of its most eminent men. This discourse is a warm-hearted, affectionate, but just tribute, paid by a pupil and a friend. It is a beautiful example of a tender, respectful, yet discriminating funeral sermon. We make below two extracts, which are no more than a sample of the whole discourse.

It was my privilege to have a brief interview with him, but a few weeks before he received the summons to enter into the joy of his Lord. I saw him in his study, where he had first given me his hand thirty-three years before. He was sitting in a posture designed to facilitate his laboring respiration. He received me with all his accustomed cordiality, and the usual smile of welcome passed over his countenance, which seemed even then to be touched by the finger of death. His whole appearance was a compound of the deep solemnity that becomes the dying man, and the joyful tranquility that becomes the dying Christian. He had no breath to waste on mere wordly matters, but began immediately to talk of the goodness of the Master whom he had served; of the great imperfection of the service he had rendered; and of the glorious eternal home, which, through grace, he was about to enter. It is my sober conviction that I never heard such words from the lips of mortal man; and yet his spirit seemed struggling with thoughts and feeling which he had no words to express. When I intimated a wish that, if it were God's will, he might be spared to us a little longer,—he replied,—"I am not conscious of having any wish on that subject. I think I can say, Blessed Master, when thou wilt, where thou wilt, as thou wilt." I came away convinced that I had been listening to a dying man; and yet such an impression had he left upon me, that I could not think of him in connection with the grave, but only with the glorious world beyond it. Several others who saw him about the same time, have assured me that his chamber seemed to them like a consecrated place, "quite on the verge of Heaven."

. . . . .

Who shall fix a limit to the influence of a great and holy man? Who shall say how much a single mind acting steadily, patiently, resolutely, in its appropriate sphere and through a long life, shall accomplish for the improvement and exaltation of the race? We are apt to judge of a man's usefulness by what falls within our immediate horizon; we forget that, beyond the range of our vision, there may spring up innumerable plants of righteousness from seed which his charities or prayers have wafted thither; that thousands of monuments of his beneficent activity may rise, on which his name shall be inscribed in a character that is legible only to the eye of God and of angels. Oh, if we could contemplate the life of our lamented friend, in all its various and luminous details; could we see how, as the habit of doing good strengthened, and the means of doing good multiplied, the good influences which he exerted waxed bright and powerful and numerous as the sun beams; could we see how one benevolent action sent joy and life in one direction, and another in an opposite direction, and how, like separate streams moving in circuitous courses, they have ere long met and mingled in a common tide of blessing; above all, could we behold the fruit of his long life as it will be eternally gathered in Heaven, and mark how his unostentatious labours on earth took hold of the destinies of the glorified, and even quickened the joys and the songs of seraphs;—I say, could we realize this sublime vision, then might we have some adequate idea of what it is for a good man to live; then should we know better how to honor the memory of such a man after he is dead; then should we feel that the grave had not gained more than half a triumph, inasmuch as he is still represented here by influences which are essentially immortal.

[The poem which follows is said, by a correspondent, to have been written by Charles Mackay, sometime Editor of the Glasgow Argus, and to have appeared in a little volume called "Voices from the Crowd." We remember of reading it some years since, and being impressed by the solemnity and beauty of the thought, but we had forgotten the author's name.—N. Y. Eve. Post]

WISH.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The low wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!"

Tell me thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some Island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and answered—"No."

And thou serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded—"No!"

Tell me my secret soul,
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place,
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings and whispered—"*Yes! in Heaven!*"

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Christian Reader, hast thou ever considered the advantages to be secured by *personal* communion with God? Not the advantage to the world nor to thine immediate neighbor, kinsman or friend, but to that often idolized and always necessitous being we call *thyself*. When the emptiness of earthly pleasures is felt; when the mind tires with groveling with low cares and objects; when passions have corroded it; cares and anxieties festered it; when fretted by the ingratitude or indifference of the world—soured by the calumnies of enemies, mortified by the mistakes of friends or harrassed by the competition of rivals,—have you never sighed for a retreat! longed for tranquility, where cordial cares are hushed and forgotton and worldly passions calmed and silent, and the noise of the busy worlds sound only as the far off cataract! That retreat is no where save in thy closest or in the sanctuary around the ordinances of thy God. There is no satisfying relief to the mind, when laboring under the depression of spirits that always at some stage overtakes us, save that which is to be found when with serious and dearest affections we address ourselves to God in prayer, praise and solemn yet cheerful worship. If in these spiritual exercises we can be equal to the privilege we enjoy; if our souls can be called out and offered in faith, love and trust, we cannot fail to realize the advantages of *drawing near to God*.

Beside the pain and distress which are always mingled with the pleasures of this life, there is an imperfection and emptiness in them all that must always leave the mind disappointed in them. There is no mind but what has its fluctuations and conflicts; none that can always preserve its calm, clear cheerful radiance; clouds of doubt and fear will occasionally fly over or settle upon its horizon. Every mind, therefore, needs to remember and realize that the divine presence, like the Sun, is above every cloud and shines on and ever, with undiminished radiance, despite all the confusion and disorder that prevail in the course of human affairs. When we can realize the existence of that shining presence, we will soon discover that there are rays enough emitted from it to guide our feet through this partial life; not enough to satisfy us, but just enough to make the burdens of life supportable and awaken the desire, as they present the invitation, to arise to the perfect day. "*In thy presence is fulness of joy*;" let me, therefore, say to my heart, draw near to it that thy joy may be full! that amid the diversified and often fearful changes of this mortal and sinful state, I, though one of his feeblest Disciples, may be conducted so that at last I may have a seat at the right hand of my triumphant Redeemer, "*where there are pleasures forever more!*" [Christian Magazine.

From the Salem (Mass.) Register.

REV. MR. STONE'S LETTER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 15, 1849.

To the President of the Education Convention assembled at Philadelphia:

DEAR SIR—Compelled by unforeseen causes to abandon my purpose of attending the Convention of the friends of Education, I wish, through you, respectfully to present to the consideration of that body a few points to which I should have invited its attention, had I been present.

1. The importance of devising and adopting some plan by which the evils of truantism, and the entire neglect of schools by a rapidly increasing class of children and youth in our cities and large towns, can be removed.

2. The necessity of embracing, in our general system of education, all between the ages of 16 and 21 years, who have enjoyed few or no opportunities for intellectual culture. The tide of emigration is annually landing on our shores thousands who are totally deficient in the rudiments of education. These must be provided for, or our country will, in a few years, suffer inconceivably from the presence of an ignorant, mob-creating canaile.

3. The importance of so mingling moral and religious instruction with intellectual culture, as to form in the pupil a perfectly balanced character.

4. The duty of adopting, in all the States of this Union, a system of education that shall be purely AMERICAN in its spirit and influences.

5. The importance of expunging from the Reading Books of our schools, all matter that fosters a warlike spirit, or stimulates the love of military show. And,

6. The expediency of employing the public press, without distinction of party or sect, as mediums for a *systematic* diffusion of educational intelligence. There are now, in different parts of the United States, ably conducted papers, devoted exclusively to the cause of Education. They are accomplishing much good, and deserve more extensive patronage than they receive. But they are read chiefly by teachers and the more highly educated classes. To a limited extent, only, do they circulate among the masses. Now could well digested notices of educational meetings, school statistics, reports of school committees, defects and improvements in teaching, hints to parents &c., &c., be prepared weekly or monthly, for the political, agricultural and religious newspapers in the several States of the Union, the information thus condensed would be brought directly before thousand of merchants, mechanics and farmers who never see a strictly educational periodical. I have reason to believe that the editors of these classes of papers, throughout the land, would readily publish communications of this description; and a few intelligent gentlemen (one, perhaps, in each State,) with the aid of copying presses, could supply, simultaneously, every paper in the Union; and thus, everywhere, on the same day, an active interest would be awakened, and a healthy public sentiment formed, among a class that *must* be moved, before the highest ideal of popular education can be realized, and who, as yet, have not to any extent been reached.

Fifteen years of observation and active effort in behalf of Public Schools, have placed these topics very distinctly before me, and impressed my mind with their paramount importance.—But I will not consume time by protracted remarks upon them. Should they be entertained by the Convention, they will doubtless be discussed more effectively than I can write.

With the best wishes for the happiest results to the cause of Education from your present assembling,

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
EDWIN M. STONE.

INTENSE MENTAL APPLICATION. All peculiar mental development is, so to speak, an insanity, a monstrosity, and involves, generally speaking, a concentration upon it, of time and thought, fatal to that harmony of character, that bearing and forbearing, that abnegation of self, so necessary to the highest enjoyment of domestic happiness.

Any all-engrossing pursuit must, of necessity, unless under certain favorable and exceptional circumstances, be injurious to all else in its vicinity.

Then, too, unless in rare instances, the poet, for instance, *must* be impulsive, ardent and almost reckless—he usually leaps into matrimony in a hurry, and with his eyes shut, and when there, does not make the best of his bad bargain. He chooses foolishly, and then does not act properly, for the very same reason—the reason that his fancy, imagination, ardor, cannot generally, by the nature of things, be attended by phlegm, judgment and coolness in the common concerns of life. But not to speak of poets, we have known men so devoted to *business*, as when making money *almost* as fast as they wished, to leave their families from eight in the morning to ten at night. No one can say that these men were fitted for domestic life, that they enjoyed, or that their wives and children, enjoyed its highest comforts. But no positive trouble occurred, because the neglect was habitual and borne out by the custom of friends and neighbors. Besides, it was but an extreme of industry—an extreme which most people in this country are not apt to discountenance. More than this, it was practicable, and it got money. But it was neglect after all, and resulted, it may be, in mutual indifference and in the husband's ill health.

But had the man been a poet and neglected his family for the same number of hours, people would soon talk of the danger of being or marrying a "literary man." The whole trouble between authors and their wives seems to us very simple; but nevertheless, it may be a problem which Laplace could not have solved or Bowditch translated.—*Boston Post*

BONAPARTE.

Extract from a lecture of Ralph Waldo Emerson, entitled, 'Napoleon; or the Man of the World:'

Bonaparte was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest-placed individual in the most cultivated age and population of the world,—he has not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust to his generals; egotistic and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of their great actions from Kellermann, from Bernadotte; intriguing to involve his faithful Junot in hopeless bankruptcy, in order to drive him to a distance from Paris, because the familiarity of his manners offends the new pride of his throne. He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his 'Moniteurs,' and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed; and worse,—in his premature old age, in his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts, and dates, and characters, and giving to history a theatrical eclat. Like all Frenchmen, he had a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by this calculation. His star, his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all French. 'I must dazzle and astonish. If I were to give the liberty of the press, my power would not last three days.'—To make a great noise is his favorite design.—'A great reputation is a great noise; the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues, and resounds in after ages.' His doctrine of immortality is simply fame. His theory of influence is not flattering. 'There are two levers for moving men,—interest and fear. Love is a silly infatuation, depend upon it. I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers: perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit, and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him too; but why?—because his character pleases me; he is stern and resolute, and, I believe, the fellow never shed a tear. For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue to be what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women: but men should be firm in heart or purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war and government.' He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown and poison, as his interest dictated.—He had no generosity, but mere vulgar hatred: he was intensely selfish: he was perfidious: he cheated at cards: he was a prodigious gossip; and opened letters; and delighted in his infamous police; and rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence concerning the men and women about him, boasting that 'he knew every thing;' and interfered with the cutting the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahsand compliments of the street, incognito. His manners were coarse.—He treated women with low familiarity. He had the habit of pulling their ears, and pinching their cheeks, when he was in good humor, and of pulling the ears and whiskers of men, and of striking and horse-play with them, to his last days. It does not appear that he listened at keyholes, or, at least, that he was caught at it.—In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you were not dealing with a gentleman, at last; but with an impostor and a rogue: and he fully deserves the epithet of *Jupiter-Scapin*, or a sort of Scamp Jupiter.

In describing the two parties into which modern society divides itself,—the Democrat and the Conservative,—I said, Bonaparte represents the Democrat, or the party of the men of business against the stationary or conservative party. I omitted then to say, what is material to the statement, namely, that these two parties differ only as young and old. The Democrat is a young Conservative; the Conservative is an old Democrat. The Aristocrat is the Democrat ripe, and gone to seed,—because both parties stand on the one ground of the supreme value of property, which one endeavors to get, and the other to keep. Bonaparte may be said to represent the whole history of this party, its youth and its age; yes, and with poetic justice, its fate, in his own.—The counter-revolution, the counter-party, still waits for its organ and representative, in a lover and a man of truly public and universal aims.

Here was an experiment, under the most favorable conditions, of the powers of intellect without conscience. Never was such a leader so endowed and so weaponed; never leader found such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power, of these immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men, of this demoralized Europe? It came to no result.—All passed away, like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace. He left France smaller, poorer, feebler, than he found it; and the whole contest for freedom was to be begun again.—The attempt was, in principle, suicidal. France served him with life, and limb, and estate, as long as it could identify its interest with him; but when men saw that after victory was another war; after the destruction of armies, new conscriptions: and they who had toiled so desperately were never nearer to their reward,—they could not spend what they had earned, nor repose on their down-beds, nor strut in their chateaux.—they deserted him. Men found that his absorbing egotism was deadly to all other men. It resembled the torpedo, which inflicts a succession of shocks on any one who takes hold of it, producing spasms which contract the muscles of the hand, so that the man cannot open his fingers; and the animal inflicts new and more violent shocks, until he paralyses and kills his victim. So this exorbitant egotist narrowed, impoverished, and absorbed the power and existence of those who served him; and the universal cry of France, and of Europe, in 1814, was, 'enough of him;' '*assez de Bonaparte*.'

It was not Bonaparte's faults. He did all that in him lay to live and thrive without moral principle. It was in the nature of things, the eternal law of man and of the world, which baulked and ruined him; and the result, in a million experiments, will be the same. Every experiment, by multitudes or by inviduals, that has a sensual and selfish aim, will fail. The pacific Fourier will be as the pernicious Napoleon. As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions. Our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter; and our wine will burn our mouth.—Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open open, and which serves all men.

FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

SINGULAR MEETING OF THIEVES. A meeting of an unprecedented character was held at the British Union School-room, Shakspeare-walk, Shadwell, on Monday evening. It was convened by the Metropolitan Correspondent of the *Chronicle*, for the purpose of assembling together some of the lowest class of male juvenile thieves and vagabonds who infest the metropolis and the country at large; and although privately called, at only two days' notice, by the distribution of tickets of admission among the class in question at the various haunts and dens of infamy to which they resort, no fewer than 150 of them attended on the occasion. At first their behaviour was very noisy and disorderly, but before the close they became peaceable and even respectful in their demeanour. 19 had fathers and mothers still living; 39 had only one parent; and 80 were orphans in the fullest sense of the word, having neither father nor mother alive. Of professed beggars there were 50, and 66 who acknowledged themselves to be habitual thieves. The announcement that the greater number present were thieves pleased them exceedingly, and was received "with three rounds of applause."

When it was announced that one, though only nineteen years of age, had been in prison as many as twenty-nine times, the clapping of hands, the cat-calls, and shouts of "bravo;" lasted for several minutes, and the whole of the boys rose to look at the distinguished individual. Some chalked on their hats the figures which designated the sum of the several times they had been in gaol.

The boys were interrogated as to their manner of life, &c., and their answers should be read by all who are engaged in the work of Ragged Schools. Our limited space will not allow of much extract.

A lad about twenty was about to volunteer a statement concerning the lodging-houses, by which he declared he had been brought to his ruin, but he was instantly assailed with cries of "come down!" "hold your tongue!" and these became so general, and were in so menacing a tone, that he said he was afraid to make any disclosures, because he believed if he did so he would have perhaps two or three dozen of the other chaps on to him [great confusion.]

The Correspondent of the *Chronicle*: Will it hurt any of you here if he says anything against the lodging-houses?—[yes, yes!] How will it do so?

A Voice: They will not allow stolen property to come into them if it is told.

Correspondent: But would you not all gladly quit your present course of life?—[yes, yes, yes!] Then why not have the lodging-house system, the principal cause of all your misery, exposed?

A Voice: If they shut up the lodging-houses, where are we to go? If a poor boy gets to the workhouse he catches a fever, and is starved into the bargain.

Correspondent: Are not you all tired of the lives you now lead? [vociferous cries of "yes, yes, we wish to better ourselves," from all parts of the room.] However much you dread the exposure of the lodging-houses, you know, my lads, as well as I do, that it is in them you meet your companions, and ruin, if not begun there, is at least completed in such places. If a boy runs away from home he is encouraged there and kept secreted from his parents. And do not the parties who keep these places grow rich on your degradation and your peril!—[loud cries of "yes, yes!"] Then why don't you all come forward now, and, by exposing them to the public, who know nothing of the iniquities and vice practiced in such places, put an end to these dens at once? There is not one of you here—not one, at least, of the elder boys . . who has found out the mistake of his present life, who would not, I verily believe, become, honest and earn his living by his industry, if he could. You might have thought a roving life a pleasant thing enough at first, but you now know that a vagabond's life is full of suffering, care, peril, and privation; you are not so happy as you thought you would be, and are tired and disgusted with your present course. This is what I hear from you all. Am I not stating the fact?—[renewed cries of "yes, yes, yes;" and a voice: "The fact of it is, sir, we don't see our folly till it is too late!"] Now I and many hundreds and thousands really wish you well, and would gladly do anything we could to get you to earn an honest living. All, or nearly all, your misery, I know, proceeds from the low lodging-houses—[yes, yes, it does, master: it does;] and I am determined, with your help, to effect their utter destruction—[a voice, "I'm glad of it, sir—you are quite right; and I pray God to assist you."]

The elder boys were then asked what they thought would be the best mode of effecting their deliverance from their present degraded position. Some thought emigration the best means, for if they started afresh in a new colony they said they would leave behind them their bad characters, which closed every avenue to employment against them at home. Others thought there would be difficulties in obtaining work in the colonies in sufficient time to prevent their being driven to support themselves by their old practices. Many again thought the temptation which surrounded them in England rendered their reformation impossible; whilst many more considered that the same temptations would assail them abroad which existed at home.

During the course of proceedings one of the most

vation. One religion may indeed be better adapted than another, to guide to the paths of virtue, but no creed can be wholly devoid of every means of obtaining virtue. Therefore, although Judaism considers itself an institution especially appropriated to promulgate true divinity, yet this axiom extends only so far as to affirm that Judaism is meant as a signal, a beacon for all nations, that the spirit it sends forth may effect purity of morals around, and produce a love of virtue abroad.

Finally, as the Deity, in all its manifestations, aims only at the promotion of virtue, the Jews regard every religion which is essentially conducive to morality, although they do not subscribe to it, as a Divine institution. They also assume it to be their duty not only to refrain from disrespectfully slighting the particular statutes or dogmas of other forms of religion, but also to contribute, by diffusing harmony, good will, and concord between the manifold creeds, to the adoration and glorification of the Universal Father.

If the Jews act up to these principles,—and we have no means of knowing that they do not—they are the last religionists in the world to be charged with bigotry or intolerance. We observe a statement in the Asmonean that the Jews of London refused to have anything to do with the Russian loan. They would not lend money to help the Czar's tyrannical projects. "Had we done this," say they, "what an outcry would have been raised against us by the politicians who are trying to keep us out of Parliament on the charge of our 'narrow principles.' But now that Baring and his Christian brethren have taken the loan, not a word is uttered!" A fair hit, we say. [Courier.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston; Saturday, March 9, 1850.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

The spirit of Christ is the spirit of heaven. We speak not of means and methods, but of conditions and results, and say, that however it is brought about, likeness to Christ is the preparation of the soul for heaven. If we hope to be admitted into the society of the holy and just, nay, if we really desire for its own sake to be admitted, it must be because our hearts incline us to seek the ends, to be engaged in the pursuits, and to share in the kind of joys which belong to those who in spirit and life are followers of Jesus. We do not say that one must or can have the perfection of him who was the Image of God. Far from it; but one may love what he loved and be glad to do what he approves. And it is the teaching of Scripture and our own souls, that if we would experimentally know any thing of that happiness which he has revealed as belonging to heaven, our eyes and our hearts must be set in the direction in which he has gone. We cannot have a spirit alien to that of Christ and possess at the same time the peace and blessedness which belong as an essential part to the existence of such a spirit. He that would have the happiness of a disinterested soul, must himself be disinterested. He who would have the happiness which belongs to a good conscience and a pious and trusting heart, must have the piety and the good conscience. He must desire those excellencies which were in Christ—must hunger and thirst for them—who would share in the happiness of the Saviour's kingdom. A desire to be like Christ, a desire to possess something of his spirit manifested in a growing likeness to him,—this is the true preparation for heaven.

There is no one who does not sometimes ask the question, "Am I prepared, through God's mercy, to enter that holy and happy state revealed to the followers of the Lord? Were I there, could I be a partaker in its blessedness?" The answer must depend on the state of the heart. If that, in its affections and desires and purposes, be at variance with Christ and his law, we may not look for the happiness of that world where his spirit reigns.

There can then be no more important questions which a human being can ask himself than such as these. Am I making any approach to the Saviour? There are treasures which he placed before all else—the treasures of a pure, just, disinterested, devout and obedient soul. Do I, first of all, seek these treasures? Do I find my highest happiness in endeavoring to promote such objects as he came to promote? Do I really value spiritual good more than earthly interests, godliness, more than gain? Were he to reappear, should I be found among his followers, or should I avoid following him, like the young man who could not surrender his worldly advantages and become a disciple? Would it be my happiness to join in his labors of mercy and love? Would his character attract me to him, or should I be among those who speak against him and forsake him?

We believe that some day we shall see him—not as when on the earth, his head crowned with thorns, buffeted, scorned, forsaken, but in the glory of the Father. Can we look forward to that meeting, as to one with our Saviour and best friend, whose footsteps we shall rejoice to follow, and of whose holy rule we shall be the glad and grateful subjects? These are serious questions. Asked and answered sincerely, they will go far to reveal to us the state of our souls. Let us not delay asking them, till they can excite only terror and despair, but ask them while there is time for more earnest fidelity, or, if need be, opportunity for change and repentence.

The Louisville Examiner—Slavery.

This periodical comes to us, with the beginning of the present year, as a monthly magazine of 24 pages, large 12 mo., under the editorial charge of Rev. John H. Heywood and Noble Butler. The first two numbers are well sustained as regards the variety and excellence of their general literary contents, and are nobly eloquent and earnest on the subject of emancipation. The very fact that such free and bold utterances can be sent from the press in a slaveholding state, is a sign of happy omen: and we especially rejoice that our brethren find heart for the renewal of this truly Christian enterprise at a period, when the friends of freedom in Kentucky have sustained so severe a disappointment in the failure of all action in their cause on the part of the recent Constitutional Convention. That Convention itself furnishes wherewith to point many anti-slavery arguments. Judging from the reported speeches it would seem to have been composed of a hundred of the smallest men ever delegated for an office of trust or honor. The standard of talent, of eloquence, nay, of common sense in that body was many degrees below mediocrity. They were picked and packed men, selected in almost every instance on account of their known attachment to the *patriarchal institution;* for the emancipationists, though foremost in calling the Convention, were throughout the state outgeneralled, whether by fair means or foul, in the elections. Kentucky lacks not strong men; but her enlightened, cultivated and highly endowed citizens, her states men worthy of the name, were, with hardly an exception, ineligible, because opposed to the continuance of slavery. The subject of emancipation was nominally under discussion before the Convention for six weeks; but the time was chiefly spent in feeble and drivelling self-glorification,—in demonstrating the incomparable preeminence of Kentucky in literature, art, science and enterprise, as well as in counsel and in arms, and the contemptible insignificance of the free states, with which some of the orators disdained to degrade Kentucky by a comparison.

There is indeed one point, in which Kentucky has incomparably the advantage of the free states on the other side of the Ohio; and that is the unreclaimed wildness and undisturbed magnificence of her natural scenery. It was our happiness, some years ago, to ascend that river at a season favorable for an extended survey of its opposite banks. On the Kentucky side we passed by leagues and leagues of unbroken forest.—The clearings, few and far between, hardly merited the name, consisting generally of a few acres of cornhills scattered among the stumps, and of log cabins presenting in bark, and knots, and even unlopped twiggs and foliage, so entire an absence of man's device, that we could almost believe them indigenous. The few villages were straggling and unsightly, bearing often those blended marks of newness and dilapidation, which are the infallible tokens of indolence, thriftlessness and imperfect self-respect. On the Illinois, Indiana and Ohio shore, we could seldom get a long reach of forest scenery. We found at frequent intervals, actual, thorough clearings, well tilled farms, thrifty orchards, enclosed and flourishing grain fields. On the newer locations, logs were indeed the building material, but for human dwellings hewn logs, artistically laid and cemented, while the barns and cattle-pens were in general more compact and symmetrical, than the Kentucky houses. But in the majority of instances the log cabin was already supplanted by the "shingle palace," undoubtedly half-finished and scantily furnished within, but from the river offering a gallant show of paint and joiners' work. The frequent villages too were regular, neat, compact, New England looking villages, with their unmistakable school-houses, and their heaven-pointing spires, attesting that care for the deeper needed and higher claims of the inner man, the absence of which is always observed and felt by a Northern traveller in the slaveholding states. Such a contrast ought to preach more loudly to the people of Kentucky than a hundred Louisville Examiners or a legion of anti-slavery lectures. God's great law of freedom cannot be evaded or ignored, without the inevitable retribution. The desert cannot bloom, or the reclaimed forest smile under the hand of the chattel cultivator. His enforced labor must write its record of weariness, desolation and stripes in the rude and haggard aspect of the soil, which he may fret with his spade, but cannot enliven or adorn.

We rejoice in the unmolested re-appearance of the Examiner at this crisis of our national affairs. It echoes the cry, which goes up from so many hearts, NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY. Southern politicians know their game. Frequent experience has taught them that the threat of disunion frightens Northern statesmen into tame subserviency to their policy We hold the Union sacred; but deem liberty, justice, the law of God, yet more sacred than any instrument or compact of human enactment. If extended traffic in the souls of men, if an indefinitely enlarged area of human bondage be the only condition on which the Union can be preserved, better, far better is it that it be dissolved by the peaceful energy of truth and right, than that it be shattered by the retributive Providence of an outraged Heaven. But dissolved it cannot be by a firm resistance to the extension of slavery. The Southern people know that slavery cannot survive the dissolution of the Union. Their reliance on the entire force of the nation is their only safeguard against a servile war. The greater part of our army is stationed in their territory, and has been chiefly employed in their work.—The Florida war was waged for their sole benefit. Our recent conflict with Mexico was for their aggrandizement. Our Home Squadron has their protection almost solely in view. The enginery of our national administration is adjusted to their needs; and they know as well as we, that they could not dispense with it for a single hour.

We yield to none in our attachment to the Constitution; and on no ground are we more strongly attached to it, than because it is adapted, as it was ordained, to "secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity." It disdains even the mention of slavery; and there is ample evidence that its founders regarded the duration of human bondage as prospectively brief, and its extension as an impossible contingency. Its adoption was followed by the formation of societies for the abolition of slavery in Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina; and of these societies many of its founders, including Washington and Jefferson, were active members. The system of slave representation in Congress was designed and advocated, not as a matter of independent political right, but as an offset to the proportion, in which Northern members of the Convention insisted that the South should bear the contingent burden of direct taxation. It was a *quid pro quo*. The consideration on the part of the South has been evaded by the creation of the national revenue almost solely by a tax on imports; and the bargain, though still binding by the terms of the Constitution and therefore not to be tampered with, is in equity void. The only other provisions in behalf of slavery on the face of the Constitution are the postponement for a limited time long since expired of the abolition of the slave-trade, and the permission to the slaveholder to claim his alleged property wherever within the limits of the Union he might find it. The letter of the instrument prescribes no form, by which the area of bondage can be extended; and its spirit is so entirely opposed to the existence, much more to the increase of slavery, that we hesitate not to question the constitutionality of slavery wherever it exists beyond the limits of the original States. Where it does exist however, let no force be arrayed against it but that of argument and influence. The power of emancipation is fully vested in the individual States; for the prevailing sense of right and of humanity, which alone can ensure the abolition of slavery in any State, alone can make liberty a gift worth having. Enforced abolition would leave the negroes under the full burden and misery of their present bondage, without its slender modicum of protection and privilege. But in the name of the Constitution, no less than of righteousness, mercy, Christ, and God, let the plague be stayed, confined within its existing limits, and left to those agencies of truth and love, which, as they have hastened its present paroxysmal crisis, can ultimately work its cure.

CATHOLICS IN CALIFORNIA. An Exchange paper has the following announcement:

"We are informed that the Most Reverend Archbishop Eccleston, the Catholic hierarch of Baltimore, has notified the Rev. C. P. Montgomery, D. D., O. S. D., of Zanesville, Ohio, of his election as Catholic Bishop of California.—Dr. M. is represented to us as a gentleman well known for his literary acquirements, and one who will reflect credit on his native State."

SECOND ADVENT.

The Second Advent, by Alpheus Crosby. From Crosby & Nichols. We are not yet prepared to criticise this book; for it is professedly incomplete. It maintains the thesis, that all the declarations of our Saviour and his Apostles with reference to his second coming, (including all the portions of the New Testament that are commonly understood to refer to the judgment of man and the retributions of eternity,) had reference to an event or a series of events, that was to take place before the then existing generation had passed away. The proposition that includes the entire contents of the the volume is: "The second coming of Christ, with its associate events, the end of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment, must have already taken place; and all expectation of these events as still future is forbidden in the Scriptures." As at present advised, we can as easily believe that our own death and resurrection have already taken place. The mode, in which these predictions have been fulfilled, the author says, presents "a new and broad field of inquiry, on which we cannot now enter." Whenever he enters upon it, we shall hold ourselves in readiness to examine his system in full. With respect for the learning and candour of the professor, and with an entire willingness to be farther enlightened by him, we are disposed to place him in the category of those, "who concerning the truth have erred, saying that the resurrection is past already," though, in the unfinished state of his argument, we can hardly believe that he will verify the remaining clause of St. Paul's description,—"And overthrow the faith of some."

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS OF CHARLES SPRAGUE. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. For sale in Boston by J. H. Francis.

We have been glad of a fair occasion to review the grounds on which Mr. Sprague has been long established as one of the favorite authors of New England. And we are satisfied that his title to fame is clear and secure. Had he written for fame, however, he never could have written as he has. The love of letters is the only passion that could have formed his style. The irrepressible force of thought within him is the only motive that will account for his productions. In his poetry,—after the presence of those general qualities that are indispensable to every poet,—imagination, a seeing eye, mental vigor, an artist's sense of proportion, and a rich command of expression,—the chief quality to be noticed is his severe and chaste simplicity. This is his peculiarity.—Either he must exercise a rigid power of exclusion in his composition, or else there never was a creative mind more unvisited by confused conceptions, incongruous images, or artificial conceits. His words are as clean as his thoughts; his style is as transparent as his spirit. What an immense distance separates him from the whole multitudinous progeny of modern, misty rhapsodists and verse-fanciers, so desperately determined on originality, that if they cannot give it to us in the idea, they will make up for it in outlandishness of phraseology, and give us specimens of "grand and lofty tumbling on an arena of fog and moonbeams."

Read, as an example, and with single reference to the selectness of the language, and its adaptation to the thought, this passage:

"Child of romance, these work-day scenes you spurn,
For loftier things your finer pulses burn;
Through Nature's walks your curious way you take,
Gaze on her glowing bow, her glittering flake,
Her Spring's first cheerful green, her Autumn's last,
Born in the breeze, or dying in the blast;
You climb the mountain's everlasting wall,
You linger where the thunder-waters fall,
You love to wander by old Ocean's side,
And hold communion with its sullen tide;
Washed to your foot some fragment of a wreck,
Fancy shall build again the crowded deck
That trod the waves, till 'mid the tempest's frown,
The sepulchre of living men went down—
Yet Fancy, with her builder, tenderer glow,
But dreams what Curiosity would know;
Ye would stand listening, as the booming gun
Proclaimed the work of agony half done;
There would you drink each drowning seaman's cry,
As wild to Heaven he cast his frantic eye;
Though vain all aid, though pity's blood ran cold,
The mortal havoc ye would dare behold;
Still Curiosity would wait and weep,
Till all sank down to slumber in the deep."

As a natural consequence of this chaste and classical simplicity, and as a fruit of the singular depth of feeling and acuteness of sensibility in the author's heart, his lyric poems show the power of genuine pathos to a very rare degree. We scarcely know any American writer that is more uniformly and singularly successful in dealing with the tender emotions. His domestic subjects are always treated with rare felicity. But to know whence he derives the inspiration that breathes the charm and glow of genius into these songs of the affections, the reader should be able to look into the private circle of friendships and sympathies, where the poet received the pure, strong, elevating nurture of his childhood and earlier maturity.

The following is one of a large class of his elegiac pieces:

THE TOMB OF EMMELINE.

Spirit of sadness! gently breathe
Thy holiest spell around,
While Friendship trims its minstrel wreath,
For her who coldly rests beneath
This little silent mound.

Daughters of goodness and of grace,
O come with me and weep!
In this pale form Death's havoc trace,
Pillowed in life's dark resting-place,
Wrapped in the long, last sleep.

Come, and the lovely ruin view,
Cold in its kindred mould;
Here throbbed a heart to feeling true,
And pure as Heaven's bright pearl of dew,
That gems the lily's fold.

Here beamed an eye of life and light;
Here Health's rich crimson blushed;
That crimson fades before the blight,
That eye's sweet ray is quenched in night,
That heart's warm throb is hushed.

Dark is the dwelling of her sire,
His soul is veiled in gloom;
No more his Emma sweeps the lyre;
The tongue that kindled music's fire
Is silent in the tomb.

Grief on his wounded spirit preys;
That grief, O "who can bear?"
Each hallowed relic meets his gaze,
Of Emma's taste in brighter days,
But *Emma* is not there.

To thee, fond mother, mute with woe,
O what shall Friendship say?
It cannot bid thee grief forego,
Even while its own warm tear-drops flow,
For beauty cold in clay.

No, no! away the tutored strain;
It boasts an idle power;
Like thee I've felt how poor, how vain,
The kindest voice to soothe the pain
Of Sorrow's aching hour.

She, the Beloved, has passed away,
Her blameless life is o'er;
And grief must hold its mournful sway
Till, in a fairer, happier day,
Friends meet to part no more.

We do not believe the success of Mr. Sprague, as a contributor to American Literature, is due, in any considerable measure, to the contrast into which his literary character is thrown with his commercial pursuits. Undoubtedly, the surprise created in the community when he came up from State street, and read "Curiosity" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, heightened somewhat the eclat of the occasion. But long since, the wiser part of critics discovered that there is no positive incongruity between the vocation of a financier and the culture of the intellect.

It is getting to be understood that a mind of native force, thirsting for wisdom and having a message to utter, will proclaim itself as certainly from some East India House, Sheffield smithy, London Reporter's desk, or Globe Bank in Boston, as from the walks of the Professions. And on the other hand, it is a thing not altogether unknown, that a blockhead should find his way into and quite through a University. It is not worth while to be paralysed with amazement at either spectacle, as if it were a miracle. Mr. Sprague's writings have no occasion to derive any adventitious distinction from the fact that their author handles bank-notes. They have been judged by their merits, and can afford to be.

We speak more especially of his poetry. The two prose pieces in this volume,—the Fourth of July Oration before the authorities of Boston, and an Address on Intemperance,—have their excellencies, and have reached a wide popularity They show a brilliant fancy and the purest tone of moral feeling; but they are less natural than the verse. The Oration we have just been studying, in a careful attempt to divest it of all the false inflections and cadences that grew about it in our school-days, in the declamation of some hundreds of unskillful orators, and to see how it would sound for the first time. But we give up in despair. Indeed, we have some doubt whether it is capable, on account of the rhythm in the sentences, of an entirely inartificial delivery. What spoilt it for us however, is one of the best proofs of the power of its eloquence over the general mind. Some writer on rhetoric,—if it is not Lord Kames it is Dr. Bushnell,—observes that all human speech that rises towards inspiration, moves in a kind of metre. But beginners will do well to remember that the converse of the statement is not true. Many a man, of a partially instructed ear, has missed being a master of strong English through this vicious attention to melody. What Mr. Sprague has done well an imitator would do ridiculously ill.

Modest, sensible, kind-hearted, generous, and of much reverence, Mr. Sprague is one of those men of Letters whom it is a luxury to praise, because no shadow of misgiving falls across our admiration; and whom it is a greater luxury to call our friends, because no taint of passion, pride, or selfishness, mars the consistent beauty of their lives. The only injury he has ever done the public, has been his steady refusal, in later years, to lay that public under increasing obligations by the gifts of his invention. The benefit he has conferred may well yield him a "peace that passeth understanding." May his prime turn slowly into age. We only repeat his own bendvolent prayer,—

"O be his ripest years his happiest and his best."

MINESOTA.

We have just been reading a work, issued from the indefatigable press of the Harpers, on this new Territory, written by E. S. Seymour. The whole region embraced under this name, was recently a *terra incognita*. It is situated on the head waters of the rivers that flow into Hudson's Bay, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico, and is associated with the history of the early discoveries made on these rivers. Until recently it was inhabited only by roving Indians, principally the Ojibwas or Chippewas and the Dahcotas or Sioux. In a few years it will be surveyed, bought and cultivated by civilized man.

In reading such a work, the mind incessantly reverts to New England and to her future prospects. It suggests to us both agreable and desponding thoughts. It shows that the people of New England cannot be idle if they wish the region of their birth to maintain its present character.

The relative importance of New England is in all respects rapidly changing. Unroll the largest map of the country, and it occupies scarcely a hand's breadth on the broad canvass of crowded states. Its population advances with a lagging pace, while a ceaseless flood of emigration pours through every avenue of the mountains into the Western valley, and beyond that to the shores of the Pacific. It is but sixty-two years since a little band of forty-seven persons, all from New England, made the first permanent settlement in Ohio. We have in our possession a copy of a little dingy sheet published in 1796, in which is an advertisement of a new line of keel-boats between Pittsburg and Louisville, from each of which places, a boat was to start once a fortnight. The patronage of the public is sought on the ground that the enterprise is new and expensive, and because the boats not only furnish good accommodations, but have sides sufficiently thick to be a protection against the rifles of the Indians, while for defence, each boat has four muskets, carrying pound balls each. Ohio has now two millions of inhabitants, and though her resources as yet have hardly begun to be developed, her great river is covered with steamboats, and her soil intersected with railroads and canals, and dotted with villages and cities.

It is estimated that every year, on an average, the wave of population reaching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Northern Lakes, breaks seventeen miles further inward. Every year the sun sets later on our receding Western border; and yet great as the progress is in wealth and population, it is obvious that we now witness only the rude beginnings of what the Mississippi valley is to be.

The old fancy that at least the cities of the coast must still retain their pre-eminence is likely to be speedily dissolved. Cincinnati has more than 100,000, and St. Louis 70,000 inhabitants. The great cities must always be at the centres of business and population, and so, as with Vienna, Moscow, Madrid, Berlin, and Paris, are as likely to be at the centre as the circumference of the land. Our internal commerce is already far more important than the foreign, and in addition to this, navigable rivers and railroads, and canals, are but extensions of the coast of the sea. The time may come when many of the towns of the Atlantic shall be mere ports of entry to a comparatively unimportant foreign commerce,—the Ostias of our interior Romes.

But more than this; the fluctuations in population are to the disadvantage of New England. Throngs of native-born young men, the most vigorous and enterprising, after having been reared up to manhood and educated, leave us, while their places are supplied by the ignorant and wretched immigration from abroad. Boston alone contains 40,000 Irish Catholics, and they are gradually finding their way into all the interior towns, to enter into a ruinous competition with our own people in many departments of labor. An army of foreigners has not only invaded our shores, but has permanently encamped among us. Under this double influence— the loss of the native, and the influx of the foreign population—we are in danger of falling rapidly into the background.—Nothing can save us from it but strenuous exertions to develope all the resources we possess, to make New England, as far as possible, a centre of commerce and manufactures, to raise the standard of intelligence and character, and, not last or least, to educate and elevate the children of foreigners and prepare them to be useful citizens in the land to which they have been brought.

The only hope of New England is in the character and intelligence of her inhabitants.—We have a less genial sky, a less fertile soil, and less mineral wealth than many other regions. To maintain her present prosperity she must rear up men who shall be able to supply the deficiencies of nature from the resources of their own souls. Our only hope is in rearing up a higher order of manhood. Place wise and just and energetic men where you will, and everything succeeds. They dyke out the ocean and build behind the embankments a prosperous commonwealth. Though they land as fugitives on a frozen coast, they turn the rocks into a garden. But when man deteriorates, all decays. If to work this hard, impoverished nature, we rear up a generation poor in mind and morals, the glory of the land will speedily be gone.—We certainly do not present this as the great reason why we should endeavor to make schools and churches and homes, and the other institutions on which the character of the rising generation so much depends, as effective as possible; but we are so situated that we cannot neglect the spiritual interests of the land which we love, except on the penalty of its temporal prosperity being smitten with blight and mildew.

This is a theme on which we could dwell at much length. It has taken New England, with all the advantages which she possessed at the outset, 200 years to become what she is. We do not willingly contemplate her decay. The world is not yet in a state in which it can afford to see civilization recede from any region where it has reached a high level.

The book to which we have referred at the head of this article is an entertaining and we doubt not a reliable one. It contains much interesting information about a territory which every year will be growing into greater importance. It may be found in Boston at Crocker & Brewster's.

REV. MR. PERKINS.

The death of Mr. Perkins has called forth on all sides in Cincinnati the evidences of the high estimation in which he was universally held. We have just received a pamphlet containing two sermons, one by Rev. Mr. Heywood of Louisville, delivered in the Unitarian Church, and the other by Rev. B F. Barrett, Minister of the Swedenborgian Church in Cincinnati. They are both admirable discourses. That of Mr. Heywood is a warm-hearted, devout and touching address delivered immediately after Mr. Perkins's death. Mr. Barrett's discourse contains a sketch of his life, and a most sympathetic view of his character. The whole discourse is pervaded by a beautiful spirit of Christian appreciation. We extract a few of the closing paragraphs, reserving Mr. Heywood's discourse for next week.

"I have thus attempted a faint sketch—very imperfect I feel that it is—of this rare, gifted and most excellent man. And I have done it, because I felt that I owed, and that we all owed, at least this humble tribute of respect to his memory. I would not be understood, by anything I have here said, as wishing to claim Mr. Perkins for a New-Churchman, according to the common acceptation of that term. By no means. I am not aware that he had any leaning towards the New Jerusalem Church technically so called, notwithstanding he uniformly spoke of our Church and its doctrines with great kindness and respect. But the heavenly doctrines which we profess would be unworthy the high origin claimed for them, if they did not permit us to love and speak the praises of such a man, bear he whatever *name* he might. For myself I can say, that, had he evinced the same noble manly, devoted, self-denying, self-sacrificing, sincere, and humble spirit, for which he was so remarkable, and bear the name of Catholic, Mahometan, or Pagan even, I would have fondly clasped him to my bosom, and been proud to call him brother.

He is gone:—gone from the natural sphere—gone from the sight of our natural eyes. And his removal may well be regarded "as a public calamity." All classes from highest to lowest mourn his departure; but next to the sore bereavement which his loved and loving wife and children have experienced in his disease, his loss will be most mourned, most deeply felt, by the poor, the unfortunate, the neglected in our midst,—by that large and usually forsaken class, for whom especially he watched, and wept, and toiled, and prayed.

Gone is he, but *not dead.* No. Virtue cannot die. Wisdom cannot die: nor love, nor faith, nor purity, nor devotion, nor any noble quality of the human heart. The spirit of man cannot die: nor will it—can it—cease to be what it is:—cease to think, feel, will, and love, as when wrapped around with its earthly investment. Whatever real good a man has loved and pursued on earth, he will love and pursue with a deeper devotion in the spiritual world. Whatever law of heavenly life he has even partially obeyed here, he will find an unspeakably higher delight in obeying most implicitely there.

No: Mr. Perkins—the real man—all that which rendered him so worthy our love and admiration—is not dead, but only removed from a lower to a higher sphere of life and action. He was never before so truly alive as now: he was never so full of generous thoughts, desires, and purposes—never so animated by noble aims. His earthly labors indeed are ended; but soon will he, if he has not already, enter on higher and nobler labors in heaven. He has gone to a region of clearer light, of higher life, of purer joy:—to a region where his soul will experience more of the presence and power of the Lord, where all his noble faculties will find a freer scope for their exercise, where he can penetrate more deeply into the secret springs of human thought and action, and whence also he may be permitted to shed down on the spirits of wife, and children, and friends, and all whom he loved on earth, higher and richer blessings than he ever before imparted. We may rely upon it that he has no ceased to love those whom he loves when on earth; nor is he—nor can he be—less desirous to draw their spirits up to heaven and God

Gone is he from our outward view, yet not far away from us—not far from those he loved. Nor is he less interested than formerly in the upward heavenly progress of us all. No: nor less active and efficient in ministering to the *spiritual* wants of the friends he has left behind. For, to cite his own language, in some beautiful lines written by himself many years ago,

"It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head,
Are hovering on noiseless wing
The spirits of the dead.

It is a beautiful belief,
When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry
To watch o'er others here;

To lend a moral to the flower,
Breathe wisdom on the wind,
To hold commune at night's pure noon
With the imprisoned mind;

To bid the mourner cease to mourn,
The trembling be forgiven;
To bear away from ills of clay,
The infant to its heaven."

Yes, beloved spirit! To thee the substance of this "beautiful belief" hath now, I doubt not, become knowledge. Thou art loosed from thy prison-house of clay. Thou art gone to more peaceful and happy realms. Long has it been thy delight "to watch o'er others here;" henceforward, the measure of that delight will be increased to the full. Thou art gone to enjoy the more immediate presence of Him whom thou didst follow so faithfully on earth, and whose reward is with Him to give to every one according to his works. If thine outer, be any sign of thine inner, life,—thy visible, be taken as the measure of thine invisible, works, thy reward must indeed be great in heaven.

EVERLASTING CONSEQUENCES OF SIN.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—In the very able article upon the Atonement in the Register of the 23d instant there is this allegation:—"There is a loss which we shall carry with us through eternity, an everlasting *memorial* of the retributive sanctity and authority of God's law." This is a statement of a doctrine which is of infinite importance. It is a doctrine which I am not prepared to admit, and one which I am very desirous of having reconsidered by you. If it is not a true doctrine, there can be no one doctrine more mischievous, and injurious to Unitarians, than that which teaches that Christ is not an all-sufficient Saviour;—that there are evils,—spiritual evils, which no faith or knowledge of Him can cure;—that the image of God can be so marred that it cannot be perfectly restored.

We have carefully reconsidered the statement above referred to, but see no reason essentially to alter it. There may be pardon and forgiveness for the repentant sinner. He is taken back into the divine favor, and there is joy among the angels of God at his return. The atonement, that is, the reconciliation, may be perfect. But in the time which he has wasted in sin, is there not a loss of something that cannot be restored, which, so long as he remembers that period of his life, shall go with him, "an everlasting memorial of the retributive sanctity and authority of God's law?" The thought of what he has been, may, as our Saviour intimates, Luke vii; 47, when taken in connection with God's mercy, add to his grateful and devout affection, and thus awaken a new sense of joy. But may it not always awaken a feeling of unworthiness, which, if he had never sinned, would not have come over him, and which is of itself enough to establish in his mind a conviction of the sanctity of the law which has been violated? Perhaps the word "everlasting" in our statement is too strong, even when referring to "loss" in the qualified sense in which it is here used. Everlasting, as applied to human actions or their consequences, is too vast a word for our reason to employ without very decided authority from the Scriptures; and that authority, we allow, in this case is wanting. It doth not yet appear what we shall be. We know not what revolutions in all our habits of thought and emotion may be made by the changes through which we shall pass in the whole eternity of our being; nor can we say how far these changes may affect what now seems the very constitution of our minds.

WAS SIR ISAAC NEWTON A UNITARIAN?

The Congregationalist of Feb. 15 contains a further article on this subject, which does not, we think, at all affect the testimony adduced in our article to which it is a reply. We shall notice here only a few incidental points.

As a proof that Newton was a Trinitarian, the Congregationalist had said that he belonged to the Episcopal church. To this we replied that many Unitarians are communicants in that church. In respect to this the Congregationalist says:

We confess that we never entertained a very high idea of the orthodoxy of the Episcopal church. We knew that the first congregation that ever in this country went over bodily to the Socinian ranks was an *Episcopal* congregation, and went with the banner of apostolic succession floating over it, and the prayer book in its hand, chanting as it went. But really we did not suppose that matters were quite so bad as the Register here represents. We leave our Episcopal friends however to make such answer as they can to this charge, simply asking on our part what we are to think of the *honesty* of those Unitarians, who are ready to subscribe the 39 articles, and take the communion in a Trinitarian church, thereby solemnly assenting to the belief of a Trune God, while at the same time they believe no such thing. This, says the Register, is what hundreds and thousands have done, "*honest and devout men*," not excepting even ministers of the gospel; and this is what it would have us believe Sir Isaac Newton did. *Perhaps* he did; but until we have some positive evidence of it we prefer to think better of him, both as regards honor and honesty.

We are not learned in Episcopal matters, but had supposed, and indeed know, that a subscription to the thirty-nine articles, or to any articles, is not required in order to partake of the Lord's supper. So this part of the argument has no force.

On another point the Congregationalist says:

In speaking of the writings of Newton we cited his comments on that passage of the Apocalypse, where every creature in heaven and earth is heard ascribing blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, to him that sitteth on the throne, and unto *the Lamb* forever. The Register replies that if what Newton here says proves him a Trinitarian, it equally proves them so, since they too in all sincerity use this same ascription in their prayers, and read the passage in their public services. But what is it that Newton here says? Not that the early Christians repeated these words in their prayers and services, but that *the passage itself represents* that worship which these Christians offered to Christ, that such is the meaning and design of the passage. This is affirming quite another thing. His words are, "The beasts and elders *represent* the primitive Christians of all nations; and the *worship of these Christians in their churches is here represented under the form of worshipping God and the Lamb in the temple,* * * * *the Lamb for his benefaction in redeeming us by his blood.*"

How much this falls short of paying *equal* honors to God and the Lamb we need not here inquire. But do the editors of the Register regard this passage as designed to represent the sort of worship that was offered to the Saviour among the primitive Christians? Are these gentlemen in the habit themselves of addressing such prayers as this to Christ?

"*Such prayers!*" What is said here about prayers? No such word is used; and no such idea expressed. Worship is one of those broad words which may mean the religious adoration paid to God, or the honor which is due to beings inferior to Him but still of exalted worth. Christ is to us the representative of God, the head of the church, our Lord and master, in whose name we pray, and to whom, above all other created beings revealed to us, we ascribe honor, glory and power. Nay, so intimately are the two connected in our thoughts, God as the infinite Original and Christ as the manifestation of God, appointed by Him to redeem and save us, that while we ascribe honor, and glory, and power to God as the Everlasting Father and source of all good, we "in the same breath" ascribe honor, and glory, and power, to "the Lamb for his benefaction in redeeming us by his blood." Men honor not only the king, but the governor whom the king has appointed to rule over them, and who in a certain sense is to them in the place of the king. But do they pay *equal* honor to the two, when they say, "We honor and obey the king and the governor whom he has placed over us?" What will the Congregationalist say of the following passage, 1 Chronicles, xxix: 20. "And David said to all the congregation, Now bless the Lord your God. And all the congregation blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and *worshipped the Lord and the king!*" Did they *equally* worship both? If the language were, "we ascribe *supreme* honor and glory and *almighty* power to God and the Lamb, the case would be altered. But no such terms are used. As in the sincerity of our own hearts we can use the language attributed to Sir Isaac Newton by the Congregationalist, we must say, that if that language proves him to be a Trinitarian, it must also prove us to be so. If in the one case it is satisfactory to our brethren, it ought also to be in the other. Not that we shall force ourselves upon them. Much as we respect them, we prefer "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," even to such fellowship.

COLLEGES.

A PROPOSED CHANGE IN THE PLAN OF COLLEGE EDUCATION. BROWN UNIVERSITY.

We find in the New York Recorder extracts from the Western Watchman, published at St. Louis, Mo. giving some account of important changes proposed by Pres. Wayland, in the plan of education at Brown University—changes, we have long thought, which ought, to some extent, to be adopted in many of our Colleges Lest our views, however, should be misunderstood, we would begin by saying, that we have the greatest faith in a thorough scientific and classical education, and that we can have no sympathy with any attempt to "popularise" college education by lowering its standard. Neither do we believe very much in making a liberal education in all respects practical, according to the construction that is usually put upon the word practical. We would have in our highest schools of instruction branches of study which have no direct bearing on what is to be the practical business of life, but whose honored distinction it shall be that they look to the cultivation of the mind as their best end. The education which most thoroughly disciplines all the mental faculties, strengthening the reason, enlightening the understanding, quickening the imagination, refining the taste, and awakening a love of intellectual pursuits for their own sake, is in the highest sense, the most practical as well as the most liberal education that can be given in our colleges; and any change in the plan of instruction which is likely to affect them unfavorably in this respect we should regard as an unfortunate innovation. We should exceedingly regret any change which should make it the principal object of our colleges to give young men the specific instruction which they now receive in the machine shop and the counting room, or on the railroad and the farm.

But the question may be asked, whether our colleges, while they continue to give the highest intellectual training to those who now seek it, may not also open each particular department of study for those who wish to engage in it for some specific purpose? In Cambridge, a most comprehensive course of instruction is laid out, including all the languages and all the sciences of which a knowledge under ordinary circumstances can be considered desirable.

Now while the main object of the University is to give a broad and liberal education to those who are able to go through the whole course, may not the University be open to those who wish to study only a single language *or science?* There are all the means of knowledge, the teachers, the books, the chemical, philosophical and astronomical instruments, and with little additional cost, their advantages may be extended to three or five times as many persons as now profit by them.

To some extent and with certain restrictions, this is already done at Cambridge. But may not the plan be carried out very much farther? The modern languages are now taught there. If the best teachers to be found in the country are employed there, why may not Harvard University become the great school of the modern languages for all in this vicinity who may wish to study them? In the lectures on Chemistry, or Natural Philosophy or Astronomy, three or four hundred students may be instructed nearly as well as fifty. Why not let each or all of those departments be open to any who may wish to attend them, though they should have no other connection than this with the University? Young mechanics in this city, for example, by paying a moderate fee might be allowed to go out two or three times a week, to attend a course of lectures on those sciences which would be most useful to them. Young men in counting-rooms who would understand the science of Political Economy in its bearing on their business, might they not attend on that branch of instruction without seriously deranging the studies of the regular students? In this way, through a hundred different channels, streams of knowledge from the central fountain might be poured out into the minds of the community, and the University become directly, as it now is indirectly, a beneficent institution to all classes of society.

This, as we understand, is what President Wayland proposes to do in Providence; and we cannot but rejoice that an experiment so important should be in the hands of one who has so much intellectual ability, so much knowledge, so much practical good sense and experience, and such high and comprehensive views. We shall probably recur to the subject again soon, and now only give from the Western Watchman, an outline of the changes proposed in Brown University.

"1. Instead of four classes of students, each occupied an entire year, it is proposed to have as many classes, and probably twice as many classes, as there are distinct subjects of instruction. The student, at his own, or his guardian's option, may join just such classes as are preferred—for which he may be fitted—may progress as rapidly as his abilities will enable him, dividing his time, as now, between several branches contemporaneously, or concentrating his efforts on one or two. In fine, this will leave each student very much to his own guidance, to mark out and follow the course which he prefers. Faithful and thorough examinations will be held at stated periods, when those who are proficient in any branch of education will be entitled to a certificate of their attainments. When these are sufficiently numerous and satisfactory, (so as by no means to

nation more promptly than is now sometimes secured.

"It is expected, and proposed, that nearly every teacher will have two classes—one for the more thorough, the other for the more superficial, so that both may be accommodated. It is proposed at once to more than double the present number of professors; to teach all that is now embraced in the course of study laid down, and much more, as well as to teach all these things far better. In fine, the plan is to make the institution a real *University*, in the German and Scotch sense of the word.

"3. The public, therefore, it is supposed, will feel a livelier, and more general interest in our halls of science, when so much more widely their portals are opened to them, and more points are offered where they may meet their genial touch. It is thought that in this way more generous benefactions will be called forth, to endow adequately those institutions which are really needed.

"This whole plan was very cordially entertained by the Corporation, and is now in the hands of a large Committee, who will report upon it at a future meeting."

[For the Register.]

"FOR CHRIST'S SAKE."

MESSRS. EDITORS,—You are doubtless aware of the fact, that in ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred, the expressions, "for Christ's sake," with our Orthodox, (*correct*,) brethren, are called into requisition, at the close of their petitions to the Father. Recollecting other express directions in the teachings of Christ and his Apostles, I have examined the New Testament for authority, and find but one text favoring this form of petition, viz. Eph. iv. 38, "And be kind" &c., "forgiving one another, even as God, *for Christ's sake*, hath forgiven you." Paul says, "We are fools, for Christ's sake, but ye are wise *in* Christ," 1. Cor. iv. 10—"And this I do for the Gospel's sake," ix. 23. This class of texts would seem to favor the rendering of Eph. iv. 22, also, after serious exhortation, *for the Gospel's sake*; God, for the Gospel's sake, or through your obedience to, and faith in, the Gospel, hath forgiven you.

And this view is not only strengthened, but made apparent, if not proved to be without authority for the purpose and object quoted, by the numerous express directions to professed disciples. I intend to quote a few of them, and apply the rule of my former Orthodox minister—"When I find numerous texts seemingly opposed to one or two others, I adopt the former as confirming the spirit of Christianity, as I understand it, and presume that I do not fully understand or comprehend the latter."

In the very next Chapter of the same Epistle, verse 20, Paul says, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, *in the name* of our Lord Jesus Christ." If I had no other authority, I could not construe the expression *for Christ's sake*, in the passage quoted, to contradict or weaken the literal and plain injunction. Let us now turn to the great Teacher himself.

John xvi. 23—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father *in my name*, he will give it you;" 26,—"At that day, ye shall ask *in my name*, and I say unto you, that I will pray the Father for you. For the Father himself loveth you because ye have loved me." xiv. 13, "And whatsoever ye shall ask *in my name*, that will I do." xv. 16,—"Ye have not chosen me," &c.,—"that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father, *in my name*, he may give it you." Eph. iii. 15 "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ"—21, "Unto him be glory in the Church *by* Christ Jesus"—v. 20, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, *in the name* of our Lord Jesus Christ." Col. iii. 17, "And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all *in the name* of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father *by* him."

Now can any Christian rationally doubt as to the Evangelical or Apostolic injunction? Yet it would seem as if the single passage, Eph. iv. 32, had been *seized upon* by the believers in vicarious atonement, (the same Greek word rendered *Atonement*, in the *one* instance in the New Testament, being in all other places translated *Reconciliation*) as in accordance with, and necessary to sustain a dogma, or as Webster has it, "a doctrinal notion," to the utter neglect of so many plain imperative precepts.

Doctors of Divinity have adopted the form, and Bachelors follow, not doubting. The High School use it, and so the Common School teachers. I hope you will not think me trifling with so serious a subject, in relating a fact in illustration, which I had from the lips of one present. A man in good standing, as to wealth and talents, who had been brought up a Presbyterian, when past the middle life, made a public profession. But the cares of the world were still urgent. In the midst of haying, when a moment's time was not to be lost, the family and workmen were hastily assembled at the principal meal. The shortest blessing was asked, and there was not even a rhetorical pause between the sentences, "For Christ's sake sit down." Our petitions and our thanksgivings, however diversified our creeds, are to the Father. We are saved by Grace, or the Gospel in its application to the heart and life. Hence "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," the graces of the Gospel, be with you and abide in you. We are to ask and give thanks, as Christ's disciples—in *his name*, through him as the divine messenger, or by him, as the dispenser of the Father's love. A LAYMAN.

[For the Register.]

Colossians, 1, 24: and the Atonement.

Will the editors of the Register publish, as a supplement to their article upon the atonement, some remarks upon Col. I. 24?

The Boston Chronotype once alluded to this passage as containing the strongest evidence that Paul did not take the modern orthodox view of the atonement. And if Paul had believed that Jesus's sufferings were *infinite*, an infinite penalty endured in the stead of that due to the ransomed souls of men, could he possibly have used such language? Nay, if Paul had held any view of the decidedly vicarious character of our Lord's sufferings, or of a peculiar efficacy in them, distinct in kind from that of the sufferings of saints, could he have said, "I am now suffering in my own person, whatever was deficient in the sufferings of Christ, filling up the measure which he left lacking?" E. N. P.

[For the Register.]

MR. BLANCHARD'S LETTER. Where is the second letter of Mr. C. W. Blanchard? The Register gave us the *first*, and that was an implied promise of the second. Mr. Blanchard's coach-lace and pantaloon-stuff must not keep him from taking up the pen occasionally. He wields it too well, to have any thing make him lay it by forever. E. N. P.

[Our reason for not publishing Mr. Blanchard's second letter was that a week after the first was published the second had become old, and most of our readers had probably seen it.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN BIOGRAPHY: Edited by William Ware: vol. I. Boston and Cambridge.

This handsomely printed octavo volume of four hundred pages contains well-written Memoirs of thirteen eminent Unitarian Ministers, and is a pleasant and instructive volume. The different Memoirs are prepared by different persons, and are of unequal length and value; but there is not one of them which does not deserve a permanent place in every ministerial, Sunday School, and Parish library. They have all been printed before, but it has given us real satisfaction to find them again under this new and more attractive form. A few dates, as for example, the year of his death in the pleasant Memoir of Dr. Ripley of Concord, or Dr. Harris of Dorchester, would be a gratification to some of us. In the unusually interesting sketch of Dr. Thayer of Lancaster, we are told that he died Tuesday, June 23, at two o'clock in the morning, but no means of ascertaining the year is given. A little more care in some of these respects would add to the value, if not to the interest of the book.

NOTES ON THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD: by Richard Chevenix Trench. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. pp. 575.

The author of this work is known as a poet and a scholar. This volume on the miracles bears all the marks of patient study, is pervaded by a religious spirit, and is full of the fruits of a varied learning. Whoever wishes a pleasant, well-written, and religious book, will not be disappointed in reading it. The author's style, however, though pure and flowing, is diffuse, his mind, though fertile in pleasant and useful thoughts, is not one which grapples with difficulties, and the learned quotations with which his page is loaded, though very agreeable, are, for the most part, not very necessary to the elucidation of the subject. One imagines the author to be living in literary leisure, surrounded with books, and loving to collect all that Rabbinical fancy, or German speculation, or Patristic lore can furnish for the illustration of the matter in hand. It is one of those books which has such a cultivated and scholarlike air, that you are perpetually expecting something new and valuable, but on examining it in relation to any particular topic, you are likely to be disappointed. That the author has lengthened his work out in the most approved style of commentators, is seen from the fact that his remarks on the particular miracles extends over nearly 300 octavo pages.

It is for sale at Crosby & Nichols's.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR MARCH. Crosby & Nichols.

No abler or more spiritual literary journal is published in this country. The articles in the present number are marked by eminent ability.—We should be glad to have more theology—more elaborate, learned articles on Theology and its relation to the literature, science, and the moral movements of the day. Admirable discussions of this kind are sometimes given in the Examiner, so admirable that we, perhaps unreasonably, are desirous for more. The articles are,—1. Geographical Distribution of Animals, by Louis Agassiz; 2. American Art and Art Unions, by R. C. Waterston; 3. Poetry, by C. T. Brooks; 4. Orestes A. Brownson's Argument for the Roman Church, by J. F. Clarke; 5. Dana's Poems and Prose Writings, by E. P. Whipple; 6. The Middle Classes, by J. H. Perkins; 7. Memoir and Writings of the late David Hale, by A. P. Peabody; 8. Grote's History of Greece, by C. C. Felton; 9. The Doctrine of the Resurrection, by E. B. Hall; 10. Representative Men, by C. A. Bartol; 11. Notices of Recent Publications; 12. Religious and Literary Intelligence.

A MEMOIR OF HARRIET WARE, First Superintendent of the Children's Home, in the city of Providence. Providence: George H. Whitney.

A short and hastily prepared sketch of an excellent woman, drawn up from not very copious materials, by the accomplished President of Brown University. The whole interest of the book lies in the self-sacrificing character of Miss Ware, and the lesson of faith which is taught by her life.—And yet it is a Memoir which no one can read without feeling his moral and religious nature quickened by such an example.

FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. Illustrated Edition. Philadelphia: J. & J. L. Gihon. No. I.

In quarto form, published in numbers of about 36 pages, a clear type, and good, substantial paper.

OLLENDORFF'S NEW METHOD OF LEARNING TO READ, WRITE, AND SPEAK THE FRENCH LANGUAGE,—with corrections, additions, and improvements, suitable for this country: by V. Value. Appleton & Co.

We noticed a few days ago, the "Companion to Ollendorff's Method of Learning French," by Prof. Greene. What we then said of Ollendorff's Method will apply equally here. Without having made a thorough examination, we can bear a second-hand testimony to the abilities and scholarship of Mr. Value. The work is sold by Crosby & Nichols.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 394.

The present number contains two of the best reviews from the last Edinburgh and Quarterly, besides a variety of other valuable and well selected articles. This work is always punctual and always good.

NEW ENGLAND POULTRY BREEDER, with 25 accurate engravings. Boston: R. B. Fitts & Co.

To the Editors of the Christian Register:

In your last paper there is an account of a public meeting of the Massachusetts Bible Society, in which it is stated that an "Address to the Christian Public, drawn up by Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham," was presented to the Society more than forty years ago, &c. However proud I might be of the honor of having written the Address referred to, I have no desire to stand before the world in borrowed lustre: and presuming that I am the individual indicated as the author of the Address, I deem it my duty to state, that I have no claim to its paternity.

Respectfully yours.

Jos. T. BUCKINGHAM.

Cambridge.

[The mistake corrected above was copied from the Boston Journal. Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, not Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham, was the author of the address referred to. We were a little surprised at the statement when we first read it; but knowing Mr. Buckingham's great love of the Scriptures, we supposed it might be true, and so let it pass without inquiry.]

REV. JOSHUA YOUNG'S CHARITY LECTURE.—The Quarterly Charity Lecture was delivered at the Old South Church, last Sunday Evening, by the minister of the New North Church. It was a discourse of the highest order, and presented its author as a preacher of remarkable ability and high promise. From the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?" he unfolded with much power and beauty the mutual responsibilities, growing out of the mutual relationships of society, viewed under the light of Christian truth and love. The spirit of the lecture was large and liberal, the current of thought deep and strong, the style terse, vigorous and manly.

☞ A second edition of Livermore's Review of the Mexican War has been issued, making in the whole seven thousand copies.

☞ Letters from "Christian" ministers mention their great satisfaction with the labors of the new Professor at Meadville.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESSIONAL ELOQUENCE. Mr. Foote concluded his reply to Mr. Clay with the following eloquent passage. For chasteness and dignity it has rarely been equalled. The South ought surely to be proud of its defenders.

"He is throwing into the hands of his adversaries all the trump cards in the pack, and depriving his partners and himself of the privilege both of holding honors and of winning the odd tricks of legislation. He is doing more than this even: he generously gives his adversaries two bullets and a bragger with the ace superadded, whilst he rashly stakes his all upon the imaginary potency of a mere broken hand!"

LEGISLATIVE. *Flogging and Rum in the Navy.* The House of Representatives discussed this matter pretty thoroughly last week. Many sharp speeches were made and strange sentiments uttered. At length the following resolution passed, 220 to 35.

"*Resolved*, That our Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States are respectfully requested to use their best exertions to procure the abolition of the spirit rations in the navy; and also, the abolition of the cruel and degrading system of flogging for the preservation of discipline, and the substitution of a more humane system therefor."

The Plurality Bill. This Bill, which has been discussed for some time past, has been defeated in the Senate. An attempt was made to refer the matter to the people, which was unsuccessful.

Marriage Intentions. A Bill to dispense with the ordinary publishment of intentions of marriage, has passed through several stages in the Legislature. We have many doubts with regard to the policy of such a Bill, and hope the members of the Legislature will deliberate seriously on the matter, before removing a check, which has protected many an innocent female from becoming the dupe of some vagabond, under false pretences of marriage.

Asylum for Inebriates. This subject has been still further discussed by several philanthropic individuals at the State House. The scheme is certainly an admirable one, and we hope it will succeed. Doubtless many drunkards could be saved, if the law would place them beyond the reach of temptation.

UNION MEETING IN NEW YORK. A large meeting has lately been held in New York for the purpose of expressing the attachment of the people to the Union, and of supporting the Compromise, which Mr. Clay has offered.—The following resolutions were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the people of New York, without distinction of sect or party, are ardently devoted to the Union of these States, as next to our liberties the most precious of their Political Institutions; and having never yet begun to calculate the value of this Union, can contemplate no contingency in which its dissolution would be otherwise than a gigantic crime against the Peace, Prosperity, and Freedom of our Country and of Mankind.

Resolved, That in the Resolutions lately submitted to the Senate of the United States by Mr. CLAY, looking to a complete and final settlement of all questions relating to Slavery, on which the feelings of the Northern and Southern sections of our Country have been excited against each other, we joyfully recognize the basis of a harmonious and brotherly adjustment of a most distracting and perilous controversy; and entreat our fellow citizens of all parties and sections, to study those Resolutions carefully, and in a spirit of devotion to the Union and perpetuity of this noble Confederacy.

Resolved, That in view of the above considerations, we accept as the basis of a compromise the preamble and resolutions as introduced by Mr. CLAY into the Senate of the United States, January 10th, 1850."

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. At the last monthly meeting of this valuable association it was proposed that each member, male and female, should communicate in writing, his or her views on topics relating to the Sunday School. Full freedom is left to each individual to propose, discuss, criticise, blame or praise, as taste and judgment may dictate. Communications may be sent to the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Gaffield, No. 53 Allen Street; or, may be dropped into the basket, which will be placed at the door of the vestry on the evening of the next meeting.—The communications may be sent anonymously, and, if the name of the writer be attached, it shall be kept secret if so desired. We truly hope our *female* friends will give us the results of their experience and observation on this great question of moral and spiritual culture.—We trust that *every* Sunday School Teacher in this city will be present.

DEDICATION. The First Congregational Society in Leominster having remodelled their church, it was dedicated on Thursday, Feb. 28th. The Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; the Sermon was preached by the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Smith, from Romans, i. 16; the other services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester, Rev. Mr. Babcock, and Rev. Dr Allen.

The sale of the pews took place on the 27th, and produced more than sufficient to pay all the expenses of the remodelling.

Beneath the church is a large and commodious vestry in which the Society have worshipped during the past three months; having previously, through the kindness and courtesy of the Orthodox Society, (Rev. O. G. Hubbard, Pastor,) been accommodated in their Church.

IMPOSTURE. Would it not be well to put a caution in the "Register" in respect to clergymen's lending money to a person who pretends to have lost his purse? Within a year I have received letters from different clergymen making inquiries about a young man who pretends to be a parishioner of mine. He assumes different names, but tells the same story about losing his purse. He is shrewd enough not to ask directly for money, but represents his case in such a way as to excite their sympathies. Thus he has succeeded in two instances in obtaining money.

No longer ago than last evening I received a letter from Mr. Sargent of Albany, asking me to collect the amount lent. The young man sometimes calls himself Watson, at others Mason. He may be the same one who swindled Mr. Cordner and Mr. Peabody, some years since. X.

DISCHARGED CONVICTS. The agent for discharged convicts, has submitted to the Governor and Council the return of his labors for the year ending Sept. 30, 1849. We learn from the Boston Journal that the report shows that the number of prisoners discharged from Mass. State Prison within the year, was 120. Of this number 96 received the advice and assistance of the agent, 63 of this number—so far as known to the agent—are at large and doing well, 25 are at large and doing but indifferently, and 7 in all have been returned to the Prison. Three others are supposed to be in a bad way. The agent has also attended to seventy-eight applications for assistance—mostly from persons who left the Massachusetts State Prison in years past. The following statement shows the kind of assistance rendered by the agent; Furnished with employment, 46; with tools, 15; with board, 46; with clothing, 51: with passage from city to friends, 23; with passage from city to employment, 18.

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES. The seventh lecture of this course was preached by the Rev. Mr. Waterston, the Pastor of the Society in whose church the lectures have been given. The subject was Christian Growth—Faith its root, Effort its law, Perfection its end. The subject appointed for to-morrow evening is Divine Help—Ordinary, Special, Immediate. We have not hitherto presented our readers with an abstract of any of the discourses of this course, but have simply given a notice of each lecture, with the name of the clergyman, who delivered it. We do not propose to do more than this in future, for we should not do justice to the speakers or to the subjects of which they treat. We hope, however, that a volume of discourses, comprising all the lectures of the course, will be published before long, so that all shall have the privilege of reading the lectures, which have proved so interesting.

NORTH ANDOVER. Mr. Francis C. Williams was ordained over the First Church and Society in North Andover on Wednesday the 27th ult.

The services were as follows: Introductory Prayer by Rev. Mr. Livermore of East Boston. Reading the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury. Sermon by Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston. Prayer of Ordination by Rev. Mr. Whitney of Brighton. Charge by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston. Right hand of Fellowship by Rev. Mr. Frothingham of Salem. Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester.

In the Council the following resolution was submitted by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston:

"*Resolved*—That this Council cannot separate without expressing their sense of the value of the long and faithful services of the late Pastor of this church, and their hope that under the blessing of the Divine Providence he may be spared to enjoy, many years, a tranquil and happy old age."

Rev. Bailey Loring has been forty years Pastor of the Society, and the united ministries of himself and his predecessor cover a period of about ninety years.

PROVIDENCE R. I. Rev. Mr. Hedge, late of Bangor, will be Installed over the Westminster Society in Providence on the last Wednesday of this month.

ROXBURY. A Ministry to the Poor has recently been established in Rev. Dr. Putnam's Society, Roxbury—and is in successful operation, under the care of Mr. Ritchie.

CINCINNATI, OHIO. Rev. A. A. Livermore of Keene, N. H. has received a unanimous invitation to be settled in the Unitarian Society, late under the care of Rev. Mr. Perkins, in Cincinnati.

NEGRO DOGS. The following advertisement first appeared in the Louisiana Floridian, published at Clinton, Feliciana, and dated June 3, 1846. It is copied from an exchange paper:

"The undersigned has on hand some of the best Dogs in the State, and he wishes to let the public know that he is prompt and ready to attend any calls that is not over 15 miles. He has been in the habit of charging every one five dollars for going and ten dollars for catching each negro. He does not intend to reduce his former prices, but will charge more for long trips. He does not advise any person to come after him unless he can take him to a trail that is not more than eight or ten hours old. Any person wanting a negro caught, will either go after him or send a man, authorised to make a bargain with him before he starts. *Some* persons do not like negroes caught with dogs on account of having them bit, he assures all such that if they request it, he can have them caught without being bit. Residence two miles west of Clinton, at the forks of the Jackson and Port Hudson roads.

"The money will be required when the work is performed. [jan 24.] W. B. ROURK."

CRAWFORD'S MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON. Our readers are probably aware that the state of Virginia has lately appropriated the sum of $100,000 for the erection of a monument to Washington in Richmond. After examining a large number of plans, the commissioners have finally decided to accept that of Mr. Crawford, which the Richmond Enquirer describes as follows;

For the present, we content ourselves with saying that it is to be a monument of about sixty feet in height, surmounted by an equestrian statue of Washington. On a lower pedestal are to be six statues; one, representing Virginia, with a torch raised in one hand, the other hand pointing to a broken crown at her feet. The other five statues are to be distinguished Virginians, compeers of Washington, three of them civilians and two military.—For the first three have been indicated Henry, Jefferson and Marshall, (embodying Oratory, Statesmanship and Jurisprudence; or the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Departments.) For the two military figures, Morgan and Lee have been indicated. The whole group beautifully represents *Virginia and her sons* doing honor to the great and good Washington.

A HUNGARIAN PASTOR. Rev. Mr. Wimmer, an exile from Hungary, is now in New York city, and is very highly spoken of as an intelligent and devoted pastor. While in Hungary he was a correspondent of the American Tract Society, and quite recently he attended the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society in New York. The Observer says:

"His statements respecting the political and religious condition of Hungary were deeply interesting. The Protestant pulpits are almost exclusively in the hands of neologists, and but few evangelical preachers are to be found in the whole country. The educated classes have not been brought under the influence of a spiritual faith; but many of the common people cling to the word of God and other spiritual writings. Since Rev. Mr. W. left Hungary, he has been advised of the circulation of 4000 copies of the Scriptures, and large numbers of religious books; and the call for evangelical truth seems to be extending. At the request of Mr. W., the committee appropriated $200 to aid in meeting this demand; and also granted a complete set of the Society's publications in German, for his private use.

It is the opinion of Rev. Mr. W., that but for the defection of Georgey, whom he regards as an undoubted traitor, the Hungarians would have triumphed over the combined forces of Austria and Russia."

WESTERN POPULATION.—It is estimated that there are about 1,000 Swedish, and 40,000 Norwegian emigrants, scattered throughout Illinois and Southern Wisconsin, and that the population of this description is increasing. In several places, ministers in the employ of the Home Missionary Society, are laboring with them.

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY has at present 136 students, of which thirty-five are in the first class, forty-nine in the second class and fifty-two in the third class.

CHEAP RELIGIOUS LIBRARY. Vol. I.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP. By Rev. W. H. Furness, D. D., Pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian Church in Philadelphia. 12mo. Price 50 cents.

. . . . . "So remarkable is their tone of reality and reasonableness, that we cannot bring ourselves to regard them as compositions written for a purpose, but rather as the actual utterances of a pure and elevated soul in reverent and immediate communion with the Infinite Father." [Christian Examiner.

CROSBY & NICHOLS, Publishers,
march9 1is2os 111 Washington street, Boston.

CHILDREN'S ROBINSON CRUSOE.

JUST received, a supply of the Children's Robinson Crusoe, by Mrs. Farrar. The above are in fresh, handsome bindings. BENJ. H. GREENE,
march9 3t 131 Washington st.

SPENCER'S Travels in the East. The East; Sketches of Travel in Egypt and the Holy Land, by Rev. J. A. Spencer, 1 vol, 8vo., illustrated with a large number of elegant engravings.
Just received by CROSBY & NICHOLS,
march3 111 Washington st.

*** THURSDAY LECTURE. The Thursday Lecture will be suspended for two weeks, on account of alterations making in the windows of the Church in Chauncy Place.
march9

*** THE UNION CONFERENCE MEETING will be held on Wednesday evening next, at the Church of the Saviour in Bedford Street, at 7½ o'clock. All interested are invited to attend.
march9

☞ EVENING SERVICES at the Church of the Disciples, every Sunday evening, commencing at 7½ o'clock.

*** Rev. Mr. Mountford will preach next Sunday evening.
march9

☞ PLYMOUTH AND BAY MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION. The next meeting of this Association will be held at the residence of Rev. G. W. Briggs, in Plymouth, on Tuesday, March 12th, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

*** Brethren will notice the change of time.
march9 E. NUTE JR., Scribe.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES. The Eighth Lecture of this course, will be delivered in Bedford Street Church, to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock.
Subject. Divine Help—Ordinary, Special, Immediate.
march9

☞ The subscriber gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a Box of Clothing, from "The Ladies' Benevolent Society," in West Dedham, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. White. JOSEPH E. BARRY.
Boston, March 9.

☞ THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS will hold their next meeting at the residence of Rev. F. Parkman in Bowdoin Square, on Monday next, March 11th.
March 9th. SAM'L. B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ THE CAMBRIDGE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will meet in Cambridge, at the House of Rev. R. M. Hodges, on Tuesday, 12th inst., at 2, P. M.
march9 WM. NEWELL, Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Feb. 28, by Rev Mr Huntington, Mr John Kenney to Miss Mary C. Burgess.

Feb. 23, by Rev Henry V. Degen, Mr Benjamin O. M. Congdon to Miss Elizabeth R. Barnard.

In Brighton, Feb. 26, Mr Leander Stone of Brighton to Miss Adeline S. Everett of Cambridge, daughter of Geo Everett, Esq., of Chester, N. H.

In Milford, Feb. 20, by Rev Mr Pond, Mr Stillman Worster to Miss Jane E. Hilliard, both of M.

In Charlestown, N. H., Feb. 24, Rev Wm. F. Bridge of East Lexington, Mass., to Miss Elizabeth G., daughter of Rev J. Crosby.

In Nashua, N. H., Feb. 14, Mr George A. Sampson to Miss Sarah A. Lane, both of Bedford, Mass.

In Thompson, Ct., Feb. 4, Wm. H. Gibbs, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Emma R. Drake of Rochester.

Feb. 20, Mr Johnson Fernald of Frankfort, Me., to Miss Elizabeth C. Berry of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, March 2, (at his residence in Leverett Street,) Mr Samuel Harris, 82.

Feb. 23, Albert Lincoln, son of G. F. T. Reed, 2 yrs 10 months.

Feb. 22, Mrs. Mary Ann Gray, widow of the late William A. Fales, Esq., 59.

Feb. 25, Mary Georgiana, wife of Henry P. Sturgis, 33.

Feb. 25, Daniel Farwell Snow, 37, ninth son of Silas Snow, Esq., of Lunenburg, Mass.

Feb. 26, Mrs Sarah Leavitt, daughter of Joseph Hills, Esq., 58.

Feb. 28, Mr William Smith, of the firm of Wright, Priest & Co.

In Hingham, Feb. 24, James Underwood, M. D., a graduate at Harvard University in the class of 1815.

In Dedham, Feb. 21, Mrs Sarah Balch, 66, widow of the late Rev William Balch, and mother of Benj. W. Balch of this city.

In Westminster, Mass., Feb. 25, Mrs Adeline B., wife of James F. Wilder, and daughter of Luke Bigelow, Esq., 45.

In East Hartford, Ct., Feb. 20, Mrs Anna Norton, 98.

BOSTON FEMALE MEDICAL SCHOOL,

☞ Conducted by the American Medical Education Society. The fourth term of Lectures on Midwifery will commence April 3, 1850, and continue three months. Tuition $25.

Directors—Willard Sears, Samuel E. Sewall, Enoch C. Rolfe, Dexter S. King, Simon G. Shipley.
SAMUEL GREGORY, Sec'ry, 25 Cornhill.
march9 3tis

MRS. LEE'S Lives of the Buckminsters. Lives of the Buckminsters, by Mrs. Eliza Lee, 11 vols. Colman's Letters on European Life and Manners, 2 vols. A few copies of the above, for sale by
CROSBY & NICHOLS,
march9 1is2os 111 Washington st.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 394. 12½ cents.

CONTENTS.

1. Currer Bell's Shirley—Edinburgh Review.
2. Natural History of Man—Quarterly Review.
3. White Ladies' Place—Chambers' Journal.
4. Condition of the Jews in Egypt— do.
5. A Dey's Excursion—Unknown.
6. Winter Scenery—Christian Register.
7. Cape of Good Hope—Com Advertiser.
8. A Scene in Court—Louisville Courier.
9. A Naturalist's Note-Book—Beavers—Fraser's Magazine.

POETRY. When I daily look up—Once from a Cloud—My Love—John Quincy Adams—The Alarm—Moans of Ocean—Last Prayers—Sunday Evening.

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VALUABLE BOOKS. Muller's Universal History, 4 vols., edited by A. H. Everett.
Education and Knowledge, by Edward Everett, 12mo.
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Story on the Constitution of the United States.
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Irving's Life of Columbus, abridged, 1 vol.
Great Events of Great Historians, by Francis Lieber, 1 vol.
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FURNESS' Domestic Worship. Domestic Worship, by William H. Furness, D.D. A new edition, forming Volume 2, of the Cheap Religious Library. Price 50 cents. This day published by
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march2 6wis

SPECIAL NOTICE!

THE copartnership heretofore existing between GEO W. WARREN, J. A. WARREN, A. B. WARREN DAVID WHITE, Jr., W. B. BARRY and E. GERRY BATES, under the style of

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expired Jan. 31st, by its own limitation. The affairs of the *late* will be settled by the *new firm*, who will continue the business at

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GEO. W. WARREN, JOHN A. WARREN, ALFRED B. WARREN and DAVID WHITE, Jr., have formed a copartnership under the style of

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for the transaction of the DRY GOODS BUSINESS in all its branches,—Importing, Jobbing and Retailing,—at 192 WASHINGTON STREET.

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For further particulars, inquiry may be made by letter.
RICHARD S. EDES.
Bolton, Worcester Co., Jan. 7th, 1850.
Jan19 1is4sf

NEW BOOKS. Poetical and Prose Writings of the late Edgar A. Poe, 2 vols.
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The Other Side, or a Mexican History of the Mexican War.
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For sale by CROSBY & NICHOLS,

NEW Edition—Poetry for Home and School. CROSBY & NICHOLS, will publish next week, Gleanings from the Poets or Poetry, for Home and School, new edition, by Mrs. Lowell. This book has been stereotyped and is now offered in a superior style. Schools supplied on reasonable terms.
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Worcester, February, 1850. feb23

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N. B.—

POETRY.

(For the Register.)

UNDINE.

There is a little daring sprite—
She is three years old to-night,—
Whom I call, La Motte Fouque,
After your Fairy Undine.
Mid her wind-blown tresses, bright
Shifts and plays the captive light;
As the northern morn in fair
Berenice's golden hair.
Clouds—her eyes—which cannot keep
Their sweet lightnings, save in sleep;
And about her mobile mouth,
Fresh with North and warm with South—
Importunate for their fees,
Come and go invisible bees.
Will you the magic will resist,
Of this elf monopolist?
She is not like Atlas, curled
Stooping, 'neath the gray old world;
But she takes it lithe and bland—
Easily in her small hand.
Spring is her's,—and summer flowers—
And fair Autumn's mellow hours—
And Winter, mid his hammocks set,
Joys to be her hideous pet.
This is what all people say
Of our charming Undine.

I looked erewhile upon her face,
Said 't is good—it lights space—
Fills with soul, as lilies with light:
And, to keep it ever in sight,
Wrote in my heart, upon that day,
The story of sweet Undine;
Who roamed at will the idle air,
Empty, alas, of thought and care,
Till Love came with the old surprise
Of a soul, for her elfin eyes.

Better than praise, thy tale doth move
Poet who sing'st so well of love—
Thanks for all who on the earth,
Seek the sign of the second birth;
Accept the gratitude I pay,
Thinking of this our Undine.
What Love creates—Love best can teach—
And as we would that she should reach
Upward, from fruitful hour to hour,
To purity and sight and power,—
So we would lend her heart to know
The love of all things—high and low—
The skies, with sun and moon impearled—
And underneath the common world,
And make our souls—aught else before
Lovely—that she may love us more. W.

[The following beautiful piece was found in the pocke of Mr. Stickney, whose death by suicide, a few days aft his return from a successful tour to California, we announc ed in our last week's paper. The verses were given to hi by his wife on the eve of his departure for the land of gold [Christian Freeman.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

Linger not long. Home is not home without thee,
Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.
Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return.

Linger not long. Tho' crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows s'retch o'er moor and dell;
When the wild bee ha'n ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!
Ah! art thou absent, art thou absent still?

Yet I should grieve not, tho' the eye that seeth me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;
For oh! I sometimes fear when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home into thy mountain dwelling,
Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, when tempests wide are swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[For the Register.]

THE OLD CHURCH REGENERATED.

The grandfathers of the village of D., were not disposed to hide their light under a bushel and therefore placed their church on the brow o a hill, whence it has shone for many years t guide the traveller through the intricacies of country, where the cross-roads, guiltless of guide boards, are numerous. Many a farmer, return ing from market, as he catches sight of its spire blesses in his heart the friendly beacon whic tells him that he draws near home; and many prudent housewife,—when its bell—breaking o the stillness of night,—sounds the hour of nine lays aside her knitting to regulate her erring time-piece, while the diffident young man, wh has been awkwardly making love to her daugh ter, takes his hat and leaves his fair Triphosa t kiss in dreams the object of her affections. With the exception that town-meetings are occasional ly held therein, these are the only secular advan tages of that Church.

It stands across the north end of a common, on one side of which is a long shed, where the hors es of those who rode to meeting are protected from the sun or rain, and, if perchance their owners are not too frugal, are sometimes fed; on the other side, is a small building, that has answered the double purpose of a school-house and vestry. A grave-yard, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is opposite the house in which they had been accustomed to sleep while living.

The original genius of a yankee only, could have planned a structure that differed so materially from the established order of architecture. The towers at either end of the building; the small door on one side; the great number o small windows; the square pews—fancifully or namented at the top—with seats, on hinges, tha were turned up when the congregation rose to prayer, and lowered down at the conclusion softly or loudly, according to the disposition of their cupants; the box of a pulpit, and the heavy sounding-board overhanging it,—placing a timid clergyman in a situation, quite as unenviable as that of Damocles under the suspended sword, belonged to a style that is fast passing away.

It was on a bright summer morning when, ten years since, I attended service for the first time in that Church. The tolling of the bell had ceased, and the worshippers, summoned by its ringing from quiet homes,—shaded by elm trees —were patiently waiting for the minister to ar rive when I entered. Each pew, on the floor o the house, held its family, father, mother, son and daughters, forming a hollow square, the advantage of which was, that the children being under the eye of a parent, were held "*in terrorem*," and thus prevented from amusing them selves after the manner of those more fortunate urchins who caught flies or whittled the seats, unmolested, in the galleries. Soon the pastor walked up the aisle to the pulpit. "A man he was to all the country dear," and had preached in that place for nearly fifty years. His virtues and piety had endeared him to his parishioners. He had buried their fathers and christened their children, and these bonds united him closer to them than the brightest talents could have done. He was not particularly gifted in prayer, nor were his sermons, although breathing a truly Christian spirit and often extending into the "seventhly," the best specimens of pulpit eloquence. After a hymn had been read, another person, next in importance to the minister, presented himself to my observation. This was the leader of the choir, who, with a grand flourish, gave the signal for a violin, bass-viol and clarionet—which had been undergoing the process, *sotto voce*, of being tuned—to sound. Obedient to the master they gave out the key notes and then, the singers rising, the leader was hid from my sight; yet, above the mingled concert of voices and instruments, I could hear his nasal voice—soaring higher and higher—improvising the strangest variations—leading the treble, alto and base, through the intricacies of one of Billings's fugues, like some General guiding his army through an enemy's country; nor was the simile less striking, when, placing too much reliance on his own resources, he endeavored to execute a bold master-stroke, his voice cracked and his vaulting ambition having overleaped itself, was obliged to descend to an octave below. An humble individual was he, who sat before me, holding a shining tin ear-trumpet which he occasionally used. It being discretionary with him to listen or not, he possessed great advantage over the others, and was doubtless envied by many who were kept awake through a dull sermon by the minister's voice. The appearance of those persons, and of the congregation generally, was consistent with the looks of the house. Those plain, respectable, country-folks, were in perfect keeping with the unpainted pews and white-washed walls. They looked as if they were at home in the place, and had been accustomed to sit there from infancy.

Three or four years ago, the inhabitants of D., in order to keep pace with the age, re-modelled that house. Four long windows, on each side, were substituted for the smaller ones; the galleries were taken out and another floor was laid a few feet above the tops of the old pews, dividing the house into two rooms. The lower one served as a vestry, and the upper one, fitted up with more comfortable pews,—a gallery across one end and a mahogany pulpit at the other, with walls painted in fresco by an artist from the city, was used as a Church. A new organ supplied the place of the banished instruments, and a different choir filled the singing seats. The clergyman and the congregation alone remained unchanged. They appeared out of place in the new Church—like "old wine in new bottles." But gradually they also yielded to the spirit of improvement. The sermons, reduced to one half of their original length, rarely had more than four divisions of the subject-matter, and such expressions as "I would further remark" and "a few more words in conclusion" were seldom repeated. The men paid more attention to their apparel, the ladies wore richer shawls, and the tin ear-trumpet received a coat of green paint.

At this day but little remains to remind one of what that place formerly was; yet from its cupola he may still see, on the vast panorama of nature, spread out before him, the pond and the stream, the wood and the meadow, the hill and the plain; within its walls, he may still listen to the words of divine grace, and pray to that Being, who is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. And though the scenes and objects of his earlier recollections, which are dear to his heart from associations connected with them, have altered, he cannot but confess that the change has been for the better. A. O.

FOR CHILDREN.

[Few publications are better adapted to their end than "Mrs. Whittelsey's Magazine for Mothers." In some of its religious opinions we do not agree with it; but we seldom take it up without being moved and instructed by its words. We copy below two articles from the February number.]

THE CHERUB'S WELCOME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Among the bright-robed host of heaven, two cherubs were filled with new rapture. Gladness that mortal eye hath never seen, beamed from their brows, as with tuneful voices they exclaimed,

"Joy! joy! He cometh! Welcome, welcome, dear brother! Babe redeemed from earth!" And they clasped in their radiant arms a new immortal.

Then, to their golden harps, they chanted, "Thou shalt weep no more, our brother, neither shall sickness smite thee. For here is no death, neither sorrow nor sighing."

At the Saviour's feet they knelt together, with their warbled strain, "Praise be unto Thee! who didst say, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

"Thou didst take them to thy bosom on the earth; and through thy love, they enter into the kingdom of heaven. Endless praise and glory be Thine, O Lord! Most High!"

They led the little one to amaranthine bowers, and wreathed around his temples the flowers that never fade. They gave him of the fruit of the tree of life, and of the water that gusheth clear as crystal, from before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

And they said, "Beautiful one, who wert too young to lisp the dialect of earth, sweet to thee will be the pure language of heaven. Bringest thou to us no token from the world that was once our home!"

Then answered the babe-cherub: "Here is our mother's last kiss, with a tear upon it, and the prayer with which our father gave me back to God."

And they said, "Their gifts are sweet to us. We remember *her* smile, who lulled us on her breast; whose eye was open through the long night, when sickness smote us; and *his* voice who taught us the name of Jesus.

"Oft-times do we hover about them. We are near them, though they see us not. While they mourn, we drop into their hearts a balm-drop, and a thought of heaven, and fly back hither swifter than the wing of morning.

"We keep watch at the shining gates for them, and for the white-haired parents whom they honor, and for our fair sister, that we may be the first to welcome them. Lo! when all are here, our joy shall be full."

Long they talked together, folding their rainbow-wings. They talked long with their musictones, yet the darkness came not. For there is no night there.

Then there burst forth a great song; choirs of angels saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." And the lyres of the cherubbrothers joined the chorus, swelling the melody of heaven.

A GENTLE WORD.

"Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild."

Well would it be if all who have the care of children, could remember to speak "gently to the little child." My precious mother died when I was six years of age, and though long and weary years have gone by, and I have seen changes sad and many, yet a little incident of my childhood, some two years previous to her death, will *never* be erased from memory's page. I had, one Sabbath morning, been taken to church by an elderly lady who resided with us, my mother being too ill to go out. I remember that it was the season of Christmas, and the little church of L——— was gayly decorated with wreaths of evergreen. To my childish eye it was very beautiful. Directly I began playing with the spruce and myrtle which hung near our pew, and despite the angry looks and whispered reprimand of my friend, I kept on plucking the leaves, and throwing them all about, until at last, mad-cap as I was, I put some of the dried pieces in the foot-stove to make a smoke! Service being ended, my attendant *twitched* me along through the aisle, and observed, when we reached the door, "Now, you wicked child, I shall take you to mamma, and she must whip you." I made no reply, for conscience told me I deserved it well.

We reached home, and I was taken to my mother's chamber, and the whole scene is as vividly before my mind as though it passed but yesterday. My mother was seated in her easy chair, supported by pillows "while fatal beauty mantled on her cheek!" The sweet smile, with which she greeted my entrance, faded from her lips as she heard the recital of my misdeeds.—After a moment's pause she begged to be left alone with me, when drawing me to her bosom, she laid her soft hand upon my head, and the tones of her loving voice, oh! how did they sink into my soul, as she said, "You have grieved your poor sick mamma!" I felt her tears upon my cheek; there was no need to say more; I clung to her arms, and sobbed as though my heart would break. Her gentle words had done what punishment, in my case, *could not* have effected. This little incident, so trifling in itself, why has it so impressed my mind? Why do I, to this day, so feel the hallowed influence of those loving tones!

I have been a wanderer "o'er the world's wide waste," yet my early home, and the lessons learned, still linger at my heart—perhaps influence my daily life. All, all is changed: strangers now inhabit the spot so dear to my memory:

"Children not thine have trod my nursery floor."

To what strange, mysterious influence is it owing, that amid the "world's wild strife," a gentle word, an affectionate look, has never been forgotten! Isabella.

THE DUKE OF BERRI.

He was accustomed to enlarge his charitable fund, by adding to his diligence and good behaviour. When he had said any lesson well, he merited a good mark; at the end of the month the marks were counted, and he received from his grandfather, Charles X., three francs for every one. This money was put into a box by itself, and was devoted every year to the clothing of six old men, and six children, inhabitants of St. Cloud; whenever he was inattentive or idle, they said to him, 'Take care, my lord, or your *poor* will suffer.'

Every year, on the twelfth day, the royal family assembled in the Tuilleries to partake of the 'King's cake.' On January 6, 1830, a family festival took place, in which everything was gay and cordial. The 'King's cake' was divided into fifteen portions, and the Duke d' Aumale being the youngest of the company, handed it round. The piece which contained the bean fell to the duke of Berri, who was at once proclaimed King in the midst of acclamation and general gaiety, with which the evening concluded. Just as they were rising from the table, Charles X. called for a moment's silence, and addressing his grandson, who was quite pleased with his royalty,

'Sire,' said he, 'in ten minutes your reign will be over: has your majesty any orders to give me?'

'Yes, grandpapa, I wish'—

'*I?* take care, French kings always say *we*.'

'Very well, then *we* wish our head tutor to pay us our allowance three months in advance.'

'Three months, sire, what would you do with so much money?'

'Grandpapa, the mother of a brave soldier of your guard has had her cottage burnt, and the sum will not be too much for the rebuilding of it.'

'Very well, I will take charge of it.'

'No, grandpapa, because if you do it, it will not be I.'

'But how can you do without money for three months?'

'I will try to earn some by gaining good marks, for which you always pay me.'

'Ah! are you then sure of them?'

'Certainly, for must not I clothe my poor? because I have my poor, as well as you and mamma and aunt. Oh! I have made my calculations, and I shall do very well. After paying ten francs to the poor woman in the forest of Boulougne, I shall still have twenty sous left to play the prince with.'

At these words Charles X. embraced his grandson, exclaiming, 'Happy France! should he ever be king.'

In the month of April, 1830, an entire village in Auvergne was consumed by fire. It was the native place of M. Villatte, who immediately went in search of the young duke.

'My Lord,' said he to him, 'a great misfortune has happened!'

'Heavens! what is it?'

'A village in Auvergne has been consumed by fire and many families are reduced to misery.'

'Poor people.'

'If my lord could afford them relief, he would perform a good deed.'

'I should be most happy so to do, but you know that my monthly marks are appropriated to the poor at St. Cloud.'

'What then can be done?'

'Stay, I have it. I will be more diligent than usual, so as to gain some extra marks, and in that way I will procure a hundred francs.'

That is indeed an excellent idea!'

'Yes, but it is too little; I shall want at least two hundred francs. I must go and ask M. Demas to pay me my pocket money in advance for a number of months.'—(He received thirty francs a month.)

'Ah! but you do not remember that you will then have nothing for your little wants—and supposing that you were passing by the toy shops, and took a fancy to something?'

'Well, I can have my fancy, but do without it, and instead of thinking about playthings, I will think of the unfortunate.'

The young prince actually hastened to his head tutor, and obtained his pocket money in advance for three months. During all that time he bought nothing for his pleasures. Not one of his relations replaced to him the money which he had consecrated to this good work, as they desired him to be made to feel that the pleasure derived from relieving misfortune becomes greater when in order to obtain it we submit to privation.

This was not the only time that Henry conveyed his benefactions through the handsof M. Villatte.

'One morning,' writes this brave officer, 'I found him on awaking, gayer than usual. He seemed to have something agreeable to tell me, but gracefully amused himself with keeping me in suspense. At last with a radiant face, he took from under his pillow nine hundred francs which he had hoarded up from his good marks and destined for the poor of Auvergne. I have often seen him deprive himself of riding whips and other favorite playthings, that he might have the more to give to the unfortunate.'

At an early age he became president of the society of St. Joseph, consisting of families in affluent or easy circumstances, who dedicated the money allotted to them for their amusements to paying the apprenticeship fees of indigent young artisans or orphans, to master-mechanics, from whom they would receive none but good examples. In case of sickness they were nursed, and all their wants were provided for.

'Be very prudent,' Henry would say to the members of the association, every time that they assembled, 'be very economical, for the sake of our young laborers.'

On Sunday the youthful protegés of Henry assembled in an appointed place: a priest performed divine service, and paternally exhorted them. Henry went to see them from time, to time, familiarly conversed with them, gave them good advice, and always left tokens of his generosity with them.

While the king of Naples, father of the duchess of Berri, resided at Rosny, the young duke went there to visit him, and often made pedestrian excursions in the environs. On one of these excursions, the young prince, being hungry, entered a cottage without making himself known, and inquired if they could give him any thing to eat. A poor peasant woman who inhabited the cottage, offered him some bread and milk, on which he feasted with an excellent appetite. He then wished to know whether his hostess were in want of any thing; she replied that her daughter was about to partake of her first communion, and was in want of various things. M. Demas then approached her, and presenting her with five louis-d'ors, said, 'It is the duke of Berri whom you have entertained, and who bestows on you this gift.' The good woman could scarcely stammer forth her gratitude. She hastened to assemble the whole village, showed her money, and told her adventure to all, indemnifying herself after the prince's departure, for her silence in his presence.

Such was the heart and such the education of the duke of Berri. Thus, at ten years old, he had been taught all the virtues and all the duties of a man and a prince, and these delightful traits of character were not the fruit of dictation, but rather the inspirations of his own heart. [Child's Friend.

PERKINS INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

The pupils belonging to this Institute, numbering about forty, gave illustrations of their educational accomplishments on Tuesday afternoon in the Hall of the Legislature, before a crowded auditory —many of whom were of the fairer order of creation. About a third of the whole number of pupils were females; and, in the trial of mental strength and general accomplishments, they certainly bore away the palm from their male competitors. The exercises of the day commenced with a short address by Dr. Howe, the principal of the Institute, after which a lovely girl, about 12 years of age, sat down to the piano, and preluded in the most distinct and tasteful manner, a hymn, which was sung by her fellow pupils.—This was followed by reading the scriptures.—Several of the younger children read their lessons as cleverly as if they had been trained at a common school, and been blessed with sight. Illustrations of penmanship, arithmetic, and the higher branches of the mathematics, were given by the more advanced pupils, and it was truly wonderful how the mental mechanism could resolve the very intricate problems put by the teachers.—The mathematical class, on the whole, constituted itself among the most interesting components of the exhibition, and applause met several of the solutions of questions that would have proved puzzlers to many an able accountant. An anthem followed, which was sung with much taste and precision—the female voices being remarkable for compass and clearness. Loud applause followed in which we could see some of our "city fathers" and State dignitaries join most heartily. A young lady accompanied by another on the piano, sang a solo with much spirit and expression. This was also loudly applauded. A young man sang "Away down East," a comic song, with all the happy impress of a Dodge. Each verse was greeted with shouts of laughter. The jolly humorous countenance of the singer forcibly reminded us of the late laughter-exciting Liston. The young girls were then examined in the principles of geography, and showed much aptitude and understanding in relation to the questions put. The extent and minute character of the geographical knowledge was the source of much admiration. Miss Laura Bridgman (deaf, dumb, and blind) then pointed out on the globe the principal countries over the world, and several islands, among which were the West Indian group, and several in the Southern Sea.—The Black Sea, Red Sea, and other isolated features of the earth's surface were pointed out and named with the greatest accuracy. She gave specimens of writing upon a black board, and through its medium, furnished answers to questions put by the audience. To the query; "What are they doing in the State House now?" she answered, "Examining the blind." "What do they usually do there?" "They meet together to see whether any of the laws are bad." A young man (also deaf dumb, and blind) wrote, very legibly,—"I am glad to come to the State House." To the question whether Miss Bridgman generally enjoyed good health! she replied, through Dr. Howe's interpretation, "I have good health generally, but have been slightly unwell for a short time." She also exemplified an amount of topographical knowledge truly wonderful, and stated that—"people went to California, many of them for very foolish purposes." Two of the smaller boys then played a duett on the piano and flute, with much taste. Both proved themselves excellent musicians, and earned a due modicum of the applause of the audience. A chorus was next sung by the junior pupils, male and female, in a very lively manner. The Anthem—"Glory be to God on high," was sung by all the pupils with instrumental accompaniments, and well deserved the applause with which its conclusion was greeted. The instrumental band, consisting of four violin tenores, two secondo, one violincello, and a double bass, with flute, horns, trombone, trumpets, &c., next executed a movement on C, which, though elaborately concerted, was finished in first rate orchestral style. This was followed by a slow march, and the universally known "Yankee Doodle," which was encored and given again with renewed spirit, followed by louder applause. This closed the programme, which was, in every detail, one of the highest interest. It was gratifying to observe the healthy aspect which every one of the pupils bore, as it showed that perfection in their studies had not militated against their health. The exhibition closed at a quarter to six o'clock.—*Atlas.*

The American Board. The following table shows the receipts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from each State of the Union which gives more than $1000. It is a table worth considering, as indicating the relative force of religious opinion, practically expressed in different portions of our Union:—

	1839.	1840.	1843.	1848.
Maine,	$6,279	$8,170	$7,422	$7,013
N. Hampshire,	8,953	10,121	10,052	10,230
Vermont,	8,979	9,423	10,022	10,487
Massachusetts,	68,291	79,787	73,369	73,418
Connecticut,	31,795	35,962	27,259	37,977
Rhode Island,	1,631	1,522	2,957	2,423
New York,	48,554	47,848	45,828	52,976
New Jersey,	5,100	5,735	4,485	10,771
Pennsylvania,	12,823	10,217	10,558	10,735
Maryland,	1,272	1,297	788	2,554
Ohio,	7,628	9,362	9,874	9,060
Michigan,	318	537	1,263	3,285
Indiana,	690	672	928	1,663
Illinois,	2,240	3,024	1,948	5,235
Missouri,	1,438	914	475	1,697
Tennessee,	1,462	2,760	1,580	1,151
Georgia,	2,459	2,191	1,170	1,559

Of the $254,056 received by the Board last year, $141,548, or 55 per cent. came from the churches of the six New England States; $74,820, or 29 per cent. from the Middle States; $16,583, or 6 per cent. from four Western States; and $5,093, or 2 per cent. from five slaveholding States.

Vagrant Children. The New York papers are resolute in defence of the policy which shall educate and care for vagrant children.

This is the true course. The father or mother who refuses to send their children to school—to see that they are put and kept in the path of duty—are trainers up of criminals, and should be so considered. It is the right of every mind to be educated, and it is the duty and interest of the public to see—not only that that right is enjoyed—but that it is enforced.

Count the cost. Calculate the loss of labor of vagrant children from non-age to full manhood —the expense they cause to any community—the taint they put upon morals—and it would be cheaper and better far for every community to erect a reform school or House of Refuge, and pay dearly for their education, than to let them live, as will live nine out of every ten of them, a life of ignorance and crime.

We have such boys. Not by tens, but by hundreds, and what is done for them? Who cares for them? Surely some good citizen, alive to christian duty and a manly generosity, will take up this subject, and bring it before the public.—Why can not the Council appoint a committee to examine into the subject, gather statistics, and prepare for a full investigation of it? Let the matter be thought of. [True Democrat.

Confirmation. The Transcript states that on Sunday morning thirty persons were confirmed at Trinity Church by the Right Reverend Bishop of the Diocese. Five of these persons belonged to the parish Church of the Advent, in Green street, near Bowdoin square, whence they were obliged to come, as Bishop Eastburn refuses to visit that church on account of certain usages practised there which he considers childish and superstitious, and calculated to keep people out of the Church. The Church of the Advent was closed in the morning, and the Rev. Dr. Croswell, the rector, his assistant, the Rev. Dr. Eaton, the candidates for confirmation, and the whole congregation, attended in a body.

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W. T. G. Morton, M.D.
SURGEON DENTIST.
No. 19 Tremont Row, Boston.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ask public attention to an improvement he has lately introduced in making gold plates for the insertion of *Artificial Teeth*, which is certified to by the editors of the following Journal after having personally examined several different cases

[From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

"Gold Plate Work in Dentistry. Those who are interested in the onward progress of the mechanical part of dentistry, will read the communication from Dr. Morton, in the Journal, of May 23d, with much satisfaction. We recently examined a specimen of the beautiful philosophical contrivance referred to, by which a plate, fitted to the roof of the mouth, actually sustained a weight of ten pounds, by the mere pressure of the atmosphere. If it is an old principle, it is certainly a very admirable one, which in this particular application, commends itself at sight. If our readers would obviate the waving, sliding movement, which the tongue, in an imperfect cast of the region, gives to an upper set of artificial teeth, they would at once be led by the suggestions contained in this article. Dr. Morton deserves the thanks of practitioners and the public for this improvement in the practice of dentistry."

[From the Christian Register.]

"The publisher of this paper would bear testimony to the successful operation of this invention, having, on a recent occasion, tried with his own hands, to remove one of these plates, and found himself unable to do it without applying more strength than he deemed prudent, though rein Connecticut. The editors of the Medical Journal, as to the importance of this invention, will be confirmed by the following quotation from a letter lately received by the proprietor of the Christian Register, from a highly respectable gentleman in Vermont, to whose wife a set was applied.

"The manner of fitting gold plates for the insertion of teeth, by Dr. Morton, as witnessed by you the other day was recently put to a very severe test. A staple was solidly fixed in the plate before it was inserted in the mouth, and the following weights were raised upon the patients' erect leg the head, after a string had connected them together, without detaching it from the jaw. First, 1 lb.; 2nd—2 lbs.; 3rd—5 lbs; 4th—7 lbs.; 5th—10 lbs. No heavier weight was attached, as it was feared it would irritate the jaw too much."

[From the Boston Courier.]

"The simplicity of the operation is only equalled by beautiful and satisfactory effect. It would hardly be credited that a metallic plate, by being simply placed in contact with the palate, and unassisted by wires, rivets, or any sort of fastening, would adhere so firmly as not to be removed by a force nearly sufficient to draw a tooth. We chanced, a few days since, to be a witness of the surprising tenacity with which one of these palates kept its hold. As a matter of curiosity in pneumetics, we attempted to remove it immediately after it had been applied, and found that it resisted all the strength which we deemed safe to apply in experimenting upon the human body."

[From the Daily Evening Transcript.]

"Gold Plates in Dentistry. We have witnessed a very perfect contrivance recently effected by Dr. W. T. G. Morton of this city, by which a plate is adapted to the roof of the mouth, so that an upper set of teeth is retained in its place without the aid of rivets or appliances of any kind, by the simple power of atmospheric pressure. So firmly even was the plate attached by this process, that we could not by a strong pull with one hand, detach it from the mouth of the subject. The tenacity is such that the plate sustains a weight of many pounds without losing its hold. The process is as beautiful as it is simple."

[From the Boston Atlas.]

"We had an opportunity, a few days since, of examining the adaptation of a gold plate to the roof of the mouth of a young lady. It was done by Dr. Morton of this city, and reflects the highest credit on his skill, as a practical and scientific dentist. The plate was fitted with the most perfect exactness, and retained in its place with the greatest firmness, upon the principle of atmospheric pressure. Dr. Morton has succeeded perfectly in calling into requisition the elements in which we live and move, to aid in thus supplying a defect of nature upon a very simple, and at the same time, ingenious process. He deserves the thanks of the community for this successful application of his philosophic mind to the alleviation of the misfortunes of his fellow beings; and it adds another laurel to his brow, as a benefactor of mankind."

[From the Boston Weekly Journal.]

"We refer to a new modification of the principle of atmospheric pressure, for the purpose of retaining plates for the insertion of artificial teeth. The advantages of Dr. Morton's plates, are, that it may be applied in all cases, that its adhesion is immediate after its application; that no ordinary cause can detach it, as it will bear a weight of ten pounds without separating."

[From the Christian Alliance and Family Visiter.]

"Great Improvement in Dentistry. Dr. W. T. G. Morton of this city, has, after repeated experiments, succeeded, by a new philosophic application of the principle of atmospheric pressure, to hold the gold plate so firmly fixed in its position in the mouth, that it will sustain a weight' according to the testimony of the Boston Medical Journal, of ten pounds. This improvement will obviate the great inconvenience which has hitherto been experienced during the process of mastication. We can testify to the value of this improvement by our own personal examination of the application of one of these plates. eoptf oct16

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